


GENEALOGICAL GLIMPSES
— P A T E R N A L —

WOOD, DAVIS, SMITHSON, FREW, HARRIS,
PRITCHARD, STAFFORD, SANDERS/SAUNDERS,
AND OTHERS

MARGERY WOOD FURGIUELE



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GENEALOGICAL GLIMPSES – PATERNAL

**Wood, Davis, Smithson, Frew, Harris, Pritchard,
Stafford, Sanders/Saunders, and others**

by

Margery Wood Furgiuele

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PART I

YOU'RE MY WOOD COUSIN?

Dedication

For Martha Jane, who spent many hours with me tracking in the court records of Camden and Pasquotank Counties. And, who happens to have been born in Pasquotank County, N.C., 285 years after her first ancestor was born in that county.



— *Preface* —

Because many publications already exist on certain family-connected names appearing in this book, a statement must be made. While not in contest with any local authorities, this writer followed a provable trail on her line. There may be a few variations on what has already been printed and what appears herein. For the skeptics who may read this, a brief listing of pertinent sources.

The late W. Thomas Wood researched "Our Wood Family" during its Norfolk-Princess Anne County, Virginia, period. His book is with the Pasquotank Historical Society. In it he cites court records and their exact location — those references are not duplicated in my book.

The late Leslie D. Waldorf of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, had a filing cabinet full of Davis information. We had a mutual ancestor. Both Leslie and his wife were active in the Pasquotank Historical Society and the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day-Saints. They were diligent and persistent in their researching. It is almost a certainty that most of their findings went to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. It must be admitted that, in the case of one Charles Davis, he could not find (in Pasquotank County, N.C.) the one I wanted. I knew Charles was of the county, but no court records existed of his parentage. After a decade of hunting, I found my proof in an old Davis Bible.

Mrs. Cecil Brown (nee Roberta "Bertie" Davis) of Chesapeake, Virginia, had what was left of an old Wilson Davis Bible. She let me transcribe it, and she also sent me the Xeroxed page and two pictures of the Bible. There was enough left of this Davis Bible to prove my Charles Davis.

Leslie D. Waldorf couldn't have known Mrs. Brown was a distant cousin of my mother or that she had that old Davis Bible — the Wilson Davis link which came

from Pasquotank County, North Carolina, through her father. It was nice to know I was related to Cousin Bertie on "both sides of the house." The search took many years, many phone calls, and good fortune (or luck) for me to find the positive proof on Charles Davis. Unfortunately, Leslie D. Waldorf died before I could get my proof to him. A copy of that Bible page follows the Wood-Davis charts.

There have been too many people who either gave information, or leads, to name. On each family-sheet record in my personal genealogical files, I have them listed. As would anyone writing a book of this type, I appreciate and thank all those who helped.

As a backdrop, it must be noted that at least one published book on this particular Wood branch was compiled and edited in 1964, by the late W. Tom Wood of Norfolk, Virginia. His book was dedicated, in part, to General John Elliott Wood, late of Currituck, North Carolina, who helped us along the way. General Wood's stepmother, by whom he wished to be buried, was of "Our Wood Family."

This writer contributed to W. Tom Wood's book, *Notes on the Wood Family in Norfolk and Princess Anne Counties of Virginia and Pasquotank County, North Carolina, also Related Families*. A copy of the book was presented to the Historical Society of Pasquotank County in Elizabeth City, North Carolina. It is believed that he gave copies to one or two libraries in the area of Norfolk, Virginia. As a contributor, my copy was received and has been shared with those interested. W. Tom Wood included much information on Whitehurst, Sanderlin, and Cocke families for persons following those genealogical lines. Because he included all the wills we found, I shall not duplicate all of them in this book.

Let the above preface the telling of the next sequence. This is a brief history of who came when, where, and moved down into the Pasquotank area. Cousin W. Tom elaborated on the Virginia migrations with picturesque prose, a touch of imagination, and whimsy. My whimsy comes later with those characters – yes, charac-

ters – I feel I know best – at least through the court records. Any scandals unearthed will be fact, not whimsy. In Part IV, "A Davis Trilogy," it must be admitted that more than a little whimsy exists. Truthfully, one person was given an early and inaccurate place of death. It seemed prudent to do so. Generally, names and dates are as true as can be when old records are involved.

It's a long, long way from the early 17th Century to now.

If it has been tedious work compiling information, imagine the journeys of the pioneers. That is what I would have you do – imagine, visualize, take the slow track back, and immerse in the currents of two centuries past, in tidewater Virginia and North Carolina.

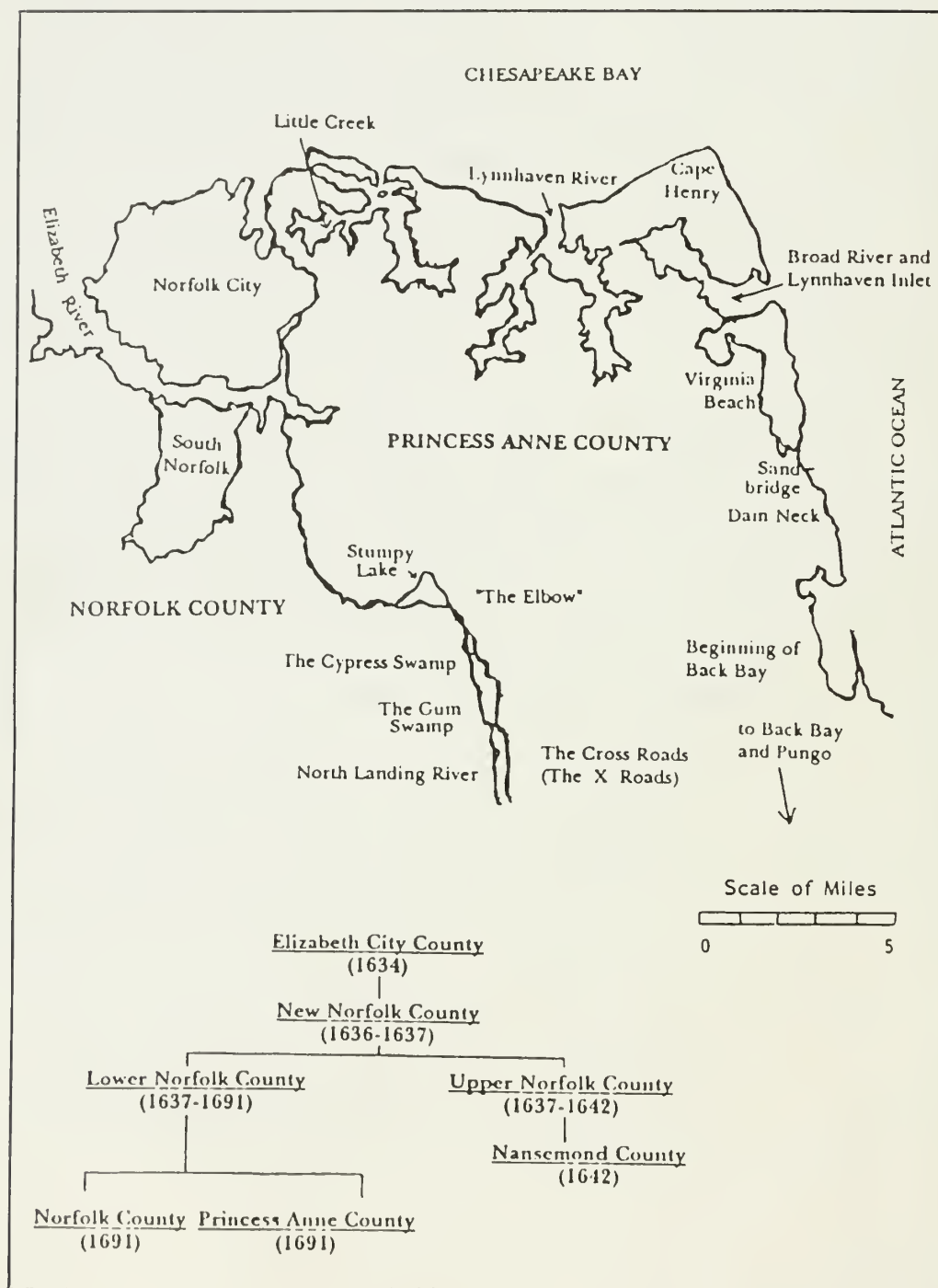
Picture, if you can getting from the present-day City of Norfolk, Virginia, to Elizabeth City, North Carolina, without highways, without cars, without knowing the bounds of the Dismal Swamp, and without much knowledge of quicksand. Those early pioneers were invading Indian territory, the territory of the cottonmouth, rattlesnake, and malaria. To travel those thirty miles, the safest way was by water – maybe. Indeed, make that a BIG maybe.

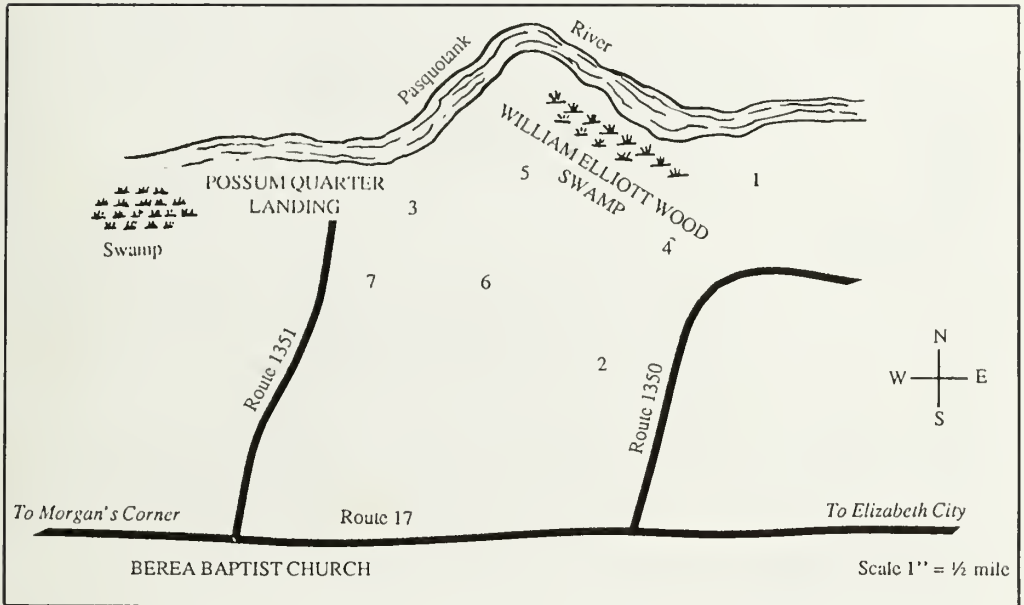
Be there, feel it, know it, and try to understand.

You, who have all the creature comforts, conveniences, and protection as close as your sophisticated communications systems. You, who must jog, diet, look for recreation, and live on the fast track. You, who need a shrink to help you cope, who need a pill to make you perk, and who complain about the least inconvenience.

Take an hour and try to know your pioneer forebears – even if they do need a bath, a haircut, and a shot of perfume.

MAP





The above is that part of the Wood Plantation which passed directly from John to Joseph, to Spence, to William Elliott, and to Lulon Paul Wood et al. Sites, based on records and family information passed down through many generations, are indicated by number.

1. The original home of John and Ann (Nancy) Wood, ca. 1750.
2. The home of Joseph and Sally D. Wood, ca. 1830s.
3. The Wood Burying Ground (Cemetery), ca. 1750-1927.
4. The William Elliott Wood home, built 1884, still standing.
5. The building used as a school for the Wood children.
6. The birthplace of Thomas Jarvis Wood, and all but five of the children of Lulon Paul and Sophia Davis Wood, ca. 1890.
7. After 1927, the home of the late Estelle Pritchard Cherry. She was a source of valuable information.

--- The Wood Burying Ground ---

Without doubt, most (if not all) of the Woods of this family were buried in this half acre in the early years. What is left today shows in the following:

(Buried in the Southwest corner)

Addie Wood Forbes, infant son

Addie Wood Forbes

Elizabeth "Bett" Davis Wood

William Elliott Wood, the last Wood
buried there

Charles Wood

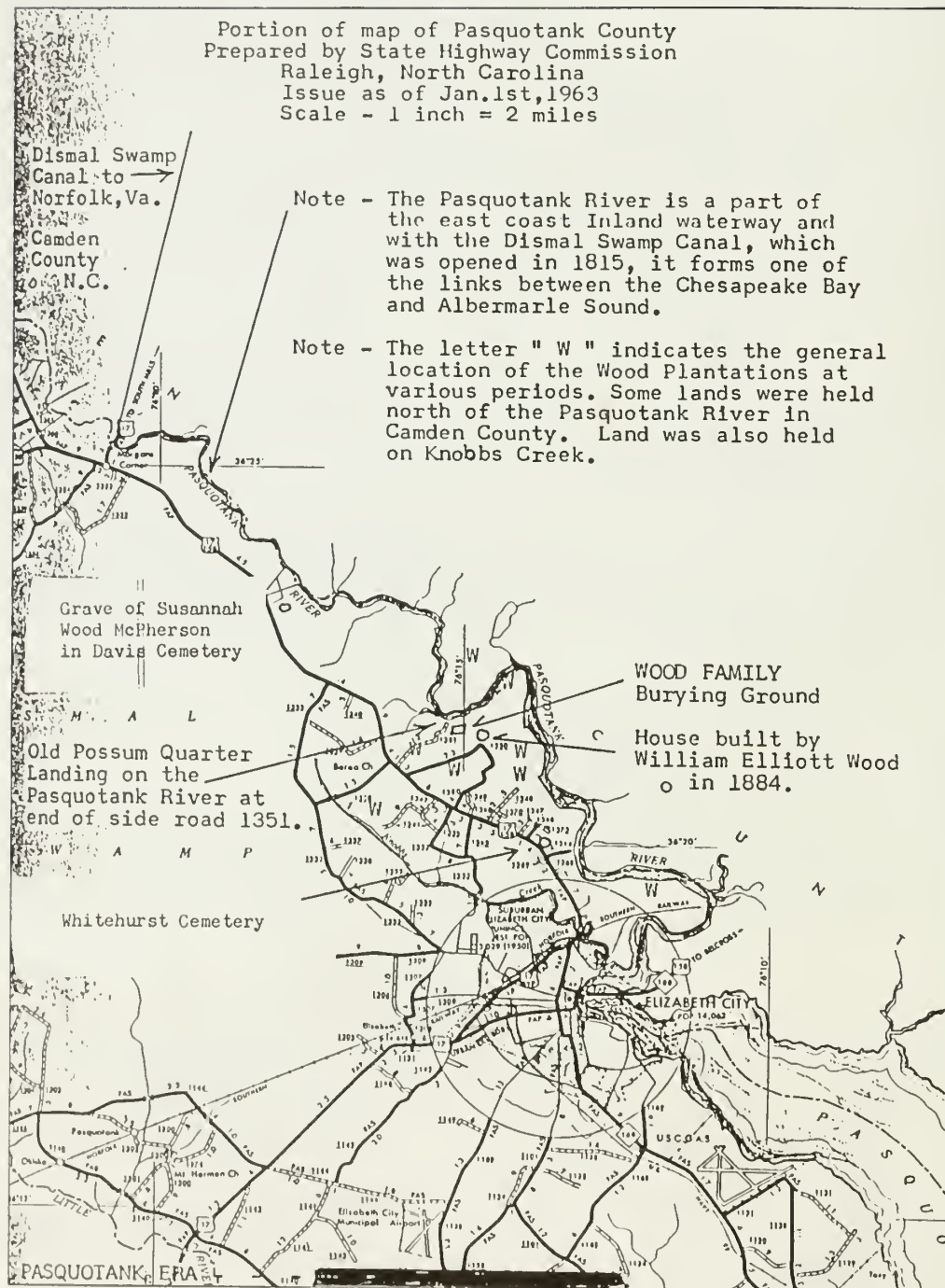
(midway on the East side)

Spence Wood and [sunken grave]

(southeast corner)

The first Mrs. Ben Frank Pritchard which
has been moved elsewhere

MAP



— Chapter 1 —

Born in England about 1628, Edward Wood, Sr., left England before 1650 and came into the Norfolk area of Virginia — in those days called Upper and Lower Norfolk County (the Lower being Princess Anne County). He was married but no name of his wife was given — typical. There was a son born about 1650, in Upper Norfolk County, named John. John later married a Margaret, but there is no mention of children in the Virginia records.

In 1670, Edward, Sr., married again — this time to a Katherine. They had three children: Edward Wood, Jr., born about 1672, in Upper Norfolk County. Then there came Mark Wood, Sr., born about 1675 — he sired four children: William, Solomon, Mark, Jr., and Abbe who married a Salter. William Wood was their final child, born about 1679, who married a Miss Philpotts (no record of any children).

Perhaps it would help to pause here — not for station identification — but to explain that those Woods moved about, from the area of the Elizabeth River (between Norfolk and Portsmouth) over to the present Larchmont section of the City of Norfolk, and down into Princess Anne County near what is called the Dam Neck section. That is south of the popular sea resort of Virginia Beach, Virginia, and below Sandbridge.

From Edward, Sr., came Edward, Jr. He, junior, married a girl named Mary. From that union came three sons born in Princess Anne County, Virginia. We are concerned with their offspring — at least two of them and one in particular. Their first child was a William, born about 1702. There are no records on him so he may

have died young. The next son was Mark Wood who was the father of a son Mark. The youngest and last known child was **John Wood**, born about 1720, in Princess Anne County. John is important to some of us – especially the writer.

Both Mark and John Wood left Princess Anne County for Pasquotank County in North Carolina. They were operating out of Providence Township and Elizabeth City, North Carolina, about 1750 – if the court records are worth a tinker's dam. Did they leave Virginia for greener pastures? Was there a family squabble? Who knows! They packed up and left. In Carolina they encountered, married, and kicked up a lot of genealogical dust.

Mark Wood (as noted) had a son, Mark Wood. The last record we have on Mark and Hannah Wood, of Pasquotank County, is the sale of land in 1813. That couldn't have been Mark, Sr., unless he lived to be over 100 years, which is doubtful. It really isn't important because he was an uncle, many times removed. God knows, there are enough direct line multi-grandparents to mess up things. Not exactly mess up, but confuse and sometimes bewilder.

Before I really start writing about **John Wood**, let me say that, in the records, his wife is referenced both as **Ann** and as **Nancy**. I think that they were the same – Nancy being a nickname for Ann – at least in those days it was.*

* Nicknames frequently used in that area, in those days, are given to help the reader: Sarah = Sally; Margaret = Maggie; Lovey was sometimes a given name and sometimes a nickname for any name; Elizabeth = Betty, Betsey, Betsy, or Bett; Mary could be Polly or Molly; Martha = Minnie or Patsy; and Fanny, Puss, or Lizzie could be used without any obvious reason.

-- Chapter 2 --

This is where I dig my feet in the swamp, grab onto a chinquipin stake, and follow the trees as marked "holes and maypools" (the true spelling in the old records which means holly and maple trees). This is where I stake my claim and sort my roots – near Possum Quarter Landing on the Pasquotank River, a few miles from Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

In my possession are two ballast bricks and pieces of old cypress from the Landing. It is a journey down memory lane to look at them and picture the Landing the way it must have been. Today, a dirt road dips down to the edge of the Pasquotank – cypress-stained water laps the road's edge. Not so in the middle and late 18th Century. The Pasquotank River afforded communication and commerce between the land owners along the river. They had sailboats. They had skiffs. They had landings (docks). It was more reliable travel than dirt turnpike and horse paths. Not a pretty name, Possum Quarter Landing, but full of history and nostalgia. To the right of the road's end at the former Landing, on a high knoll, is "The Wood Burying Ground." A copse covered with honeysuckle, cypress, and ropey vines. Hallowed ground. Woods are buried there. Once there were some wooden markers, and a wooden picket fence around it. Today, a few tombstones remain and the debris of neglect. A neglect due, in part, to the carelessness of one of the Pritchards and his confounded hogs. He and the hogs belonged together. No, the hogs were too good for him. He desecrated "The Wood Burying Ground."

John Wood and his wife, Nancy, started "The Wood Burying Ground," and the last Wood buried there was in 1927. It could be that Mark Wood, Sr., is buried

there – for some 125 years it was actively used. Unfortunately we shall never know exactly who, or how many, rest in that sacred spot.

Let us get on with **John and Nancy Wood's** life. John transacted in the buying and selling of land; the deed books are full of such. Sometimes he called himself a chapman, sometimes a joyner, sometimes a planter, and sometimes (I suspect) he was a horse trader. When carrying on his land purchases, he dealt in pounds, shillings, Proclamation money, and on occasion used Spanish-milled dollars. That is a point to think about. Not many miles down the mysterious Pasquotank River, toward Elizabeth City, lived the Pirate. His house still stands off Brickhouse Road, and he was notorious. The Pirate was a shrewd operator, and conducted his business for many years. That is, until he was hung down in Bath, North Carolina. There is some speculation that John may have had traffic with this privateer. Doesn't bother me one bit so long as John was as shrewd as the Pirate. And I think he was. I'm shrewd enough not to mention the Pirate's name because there are descendants in that general area today; they're a tough bunch of hombres. They don't pirate exactly; from the size of their charges for service, the privateering continues under the name of profiteering. Enough!

John and Ann (Nancy) Wood lived a comfortable and respectable life in the Possum Quarter Landing section of Pasquotank County. They had five children who lived to adulthood. The Wood family lived in reasonably quiet possession of their wilderness land. First, they had Joseph Wood, born about 1754, in that same county in Carolina. Joseph, in time, married a Sarah (Sally) D. More will be written about them later because they had a tendency to speak out for what they wanted – their rights!

Then came William Wood, born about 1755, and not to be confused with William Wood of the next generation. This William was supposed to have served in the American Revolution in 1775, in Captain Henry Delon's Company, Pasquotank

County, Regiment of Colonel Robert Murden. The writer has not verified that service.

In about 1757, John and Ann (Nancy) Wood had James O'Kelley Wood. Someone said there was an old traveling preacher by the name of O'Kelley who roamed in those parts. Maybe James acquired his name from the parson. A little strange, though, because few children were given middle names until after 1800. It could be that James got religion and gave himself that name – wouldn't be the first time. What happened to the old boy, we don't know. He was to heir under his father's will provided "he left a lawful heir of his body." If he left no lawful heir, his inheritance was to be divided between **Joseph** and William Wood. The records show that on 11 December 1811, James sold acreage to Abel Sawyer that bounded Joseph and William Wood. He was unmarried at that time, and how far \$600 carried him is anybody's guess. Farewell to James, excuse me, multi-great Uncle James O'Kelley Wood.

After producing three sons, John and Ann (Nancy) Wood produced two girl babies. Susannah, born about 1759 or 60, was alive but not married in 1803. Her father provided for her in his will of that date. Elizabeth Wood, born about 1760 or 61, married one of the Spence men. She, too, heired in her father's will as well as any children she might have. That concludes the five children of the first couple who left Virginia and settled in the Possum Quarter Landing area and stayed. At least in "Our Wood Family." There were two other Wood lines in the area. While the records do not show proof they were connected, certain physical features appear in all three lines. I remember one in Edenton, North Carolina (of another Wood line), who always called my father "Cousin Tom." In truth, they could have been brothers based on physical appearance. Interesting, but not interesting enough to pursue. The writer prefers leaving those three lines separate.

While John and Nancy Wood did not create any scandals, it must be said that they contributed a quality or two of noteworthy character, not only for the genealogist but also for believers in education. John Wood commenced the Wood "will-writing" trait in North Carolina. He instilled this "will-writing" trait in his children, his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren, and on. He signed his will. He could write.* What a heyday for the genealogist to find, as I did, in the Court House in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, perfectly described properties and heirs sequentially recorded. From **John** to **Joseph** to **Spence**, **Spence** to **William Elliott**, and **William Elliott** to **Lulon Paul Wood**; factual evidence without a doubt.

John provided for his Nancy so long as "she remained his widow and no longer." Whether it was through John, Nancy, or a tutor is not known, but their children could read and write. That, too, became traditional or inbred. This writer has traced signatures, from the Civil Action Books, of Joseph in 1790 and Spence in 1850. They had quiet dignity. They labored for the good of family and community.

* In those days, the ability to write and sign one's name was not commonplace. The court records show far more Xs for signatures than a handwritten signature. A guess would be that only one per cent of the population could write.

-- Chapter 3 --

Another generation. **Joseph Wood** and **Sarah (Sally) D.** lived on land inherited from John. Land abounding Possum Quarter Landing. Joseph, as his father before him, bought and sold much land; but he always kept that portion near the Landing and along the river. That part on which "The Wood Burying Ground" was established (half acre) and was forever perpetuated by a great-grandfather – Deed Book 46, page 264, dated 1 Jan. 1918.

Joseph was community minded, or maybe he got provoked once too often! In 1790, or thereabouts, he joined others to petition for a road. The original petition is still in File K-35, Civil Action Book, Court House, Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Joseph's signature clearly written with a flourish or two. It's still there unless someone has stolen it. It constantly amazes the writer how anyone – just anyone – can go through those files without supervision or some type of security. Why, if my parents hadn't reared me to be an honest person – but – they did! Later on in 1813, Joseph brought charges and collected damages from a Christopher Coppersmith for armed and forceful assault! Joseph probably cussed the man a blue streak and made him mad, good and mad. "Our Wood Family" could cuss and provoke. Many of the descendants still do!

Now, Joseph's wife, Sarah (Sally) D., has given me any number of headaches. I've practically stood on my head trying to find her maiden name. The "D" may have stood for Davis because Wood frequently married Davis – no real evidence or proof. The "D" may have been for Dauge, for Daley, or some other "D" name – take that anyway you wish. Why they didn't require the wife's maiden name was a

crime. The poor wife was just so much chattel. Most genealogists have white hair and that's the reason – I know. This Sarah (Sally) D. is a favorite of mine. Not because she ran away with some romantic swain (hardly, after bearing twelve children), but she'd fight tooth and toenail for her rights. Come hell or high water, she'd go for the jugular every time! Then, watch out! Sure, she's a favorite; she has many Davis traits, but I call her a Wood. I, too, am of that Davis blood line as well as Wood.

It's about time to try to list those twelve young 'uns of Joseph and Sarah (Sally) D. Hope I don't lose you along the way – hope I don't lose any of us in the swamp. For sure, that is one swampy area not counting the Dismal Swamp (the granddaddy of them all). So far as can be told, the first baby of that union was called Mary, born about 1787 (if that doesn't quite match with the wedding date of the parents, forget it).^{*} Mary never married but she inherited money from her father in 1822 as well as from a Pritchard in 1857. The next was called Penelope, born around 1789, and she later married Joshua Sykes. Penelope was dead before 1822 and neither she nor any progeny of hers were listed in her father's will. Nanny Wood, born 1795, died 7 September 1827, and married in 1815, Elliott Whitehurst. Nanny Whitehurst heired money from her father in 1822 and Elliott Whitehurst served as one of the three executors of Joseph's estate. Joseph specified three executors.

Thence came Elizabeth, Polly, and Sally Wood born between 1801 and 1809. They heired from Joseph (money) but were not married by 1822. Back up to 2 March, 1805 whence came Susannah. Susannah heired money from her father and married Alson McPherson before 1822. Alson was another executor of Joseph's

^{*} Historians tell us that in those wilderness areas many couples, who had intentions to marry, simply lived together until a minister came through the area to hear their vows, and sometimes that was two or three years.

will. Susannah Wood McPherson died 14 December, 1876 and is buried on property just off the present day Route 17 north of Elizabeth City. The other girl was Parthenia (Partheny) Wood who was born about 1820 and heired money from her father. By 1850, Partheny had married Murden Stokeley. Eight girls and now for the male heirs.

In the will, the males followed the widow's inheritance. Since I'm writing this, I put the ladies first! That's the way I am. In the order given in the will of Joseph Wood, William Wood came first. Born 12 November 1818, he inherited about half of the plantation. The word "plantation" is used reluctantly, but it is so worded in the will. About 1841 William Wood married Elizabeth Whitehurst, and he died 15 December 1887. They "begat" ten children and at least one of those descendants, in the 20th Century, came into the area of Culpeper, Virginia. Many of those descendants are active in the Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Virginia area today.

After William came Spence (in the will). **Spence Wood**, born 28 January 1813, died 28 June 1883. Spence married twice, first to a Mary and had four children – John C., Sarah, Nancy, and Jesse Wood. Nothing is known about them.

Spence's second marriage was to **Polly Pritchard** (one of the good Pritchards) and they had four children who will be cited later. Spence inherited Joseph's "other half" of his plantation, the portion by the Landing and including "The Wood Burying Ground."

Then came John Wood, born about 1811 and who inherited land from Joseph. Not much land, so it may be assumed that Joseph and John didn't see "eye to eye." Perhaps John was as hard-headed as Joseph. Who knows? It could be that he was sickly, and Joseph didn't think John could manage a large place. We do know that John seems to have disappeared from the Possum Quarter-Pasquotank area.

Thomas Wood was an infant and did not heir in 1822. Joseph did appoint Sarah (Sally) D. as one of his three executors, but look at this first paragraph stating

her legacy. It is given verbatim:

I give to my wife, Sally Wood, my white horse and riding chair, and one bed and furniture, and the Beaufort, furniture, and one shirt and one linen wheel, and my Negro man, Toney.*

[Will probated December 1822]

Think about that. If Sally D. was Sally ("D" for Davis), I can hear her now. Indeed I can. She'd stomp her foot, flash her blue eyes, toss her head and say, "Mr. Wood, I'll just be damned if you'll get away with such a will. I know you've got more land, much stock, and many slaves. If you think I'm going to take this, you are mightily out of your mind, Sir."

If Sally was ("D" for Dauge or Daley), she'd possibly show a little more dignity – maybe! Again I hear her, "It seems unreasonable, Mr. Wood, for me to have been allotted so little inheritance when you had at least three more tracts of land than shown. You, Sir, know we have several slaves – not just Toney. Mr. Wood, Sir, I'm going to complain. There's not a blasted thing you can do about it, you old fool."

And so, Sally Wood fluffed her skirts, again tossed her head, picked up her quill pen, and started to compose. She thought as she wrote --

"To Worshipfull Justices of Court Addressed" She wrote on and on. She was having her say. When finished, she called "Mammy" to watch the children. Then she called Toney.

"Toney, come here and step lively. Get the riding chair, a blanket, and that white horse of Mr. Joseph's – I'm going to the Court House in Elizabeth City, and you're going to take me."

"Yes, mam, I sho will. But is yo' sho yo' ought'n to go there, mam? Yo' ain't been buried Mr. Joseph long – why he's bound to be still warm in his'n grave."

* That word is the only way I can transcribe it, even though it makes no sense.

"Toney, I own you now, and when I tell you what to do, you'd better trot or I'll get that musket out and you'll be one sad man."

"Yes, mam. I'se on my way – I sho 'nuf is."

And so it came to pass, that in the year of 1822 (December to be exact), Sally Wood went to the Court in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and presented her handwritten dissent to Joseph's will. Fact – Civil Action File X-2633 – in her own writing.

Here, approaching the 21st Century, that would be almost routine, wouldn't it? How one smiles at those ads which proclaim, "Baby, you've come a long way." But I ask you in truth – to dissent a husband's will 166 years ago – was that not unheard of? Never done? To say the least, it was rare. The more I think about it, the more I think about Sally D. One "gutsy lady" long before her time. In my heart I know she flashed a smile or two, twinkled her blue eyes, and gently presented her case to generate a tear or two – the helpless widow with all those minor children. I expect Sally D. Wood could have charmed a rattlesnake.

It tickles me down to my toes. The lady, Sarah (Sally) D. Wood, got her dowry – she had it her way. Old Joseph Wood may still be fuming in his grave, near Possum Quarter Landing.

Is it my perverse nature that makes me feel a strong kinship to her? Could be. It is a fact that many of us who have searched, and researched, lineage, seem to like some more than others in our lines. Without knowing why, the affinity exists. And, there are some – well, let it be said the effort is made to abide them.



William Elliott Wood

-- *Chapter Four* --

The progeny of many of the brothers and sisters of Spence Wood have been omitted as too much genealogy can be too much. Most of these records are available but rather bog down my pursuit. My pursuit is the trail from **John**, to **Joseph**, to **Spence**, to **William Elliott**, to **Lulon Paul Wood** and his progeny.

It should be noted that Spence's brother, William (both of whom inherited from Joseph Wood), tired of the Pasquotank-Possum Quarter Landing area along about 1847. William had married Elizabeth Whitehurst who was the daughter of Frederick Whitehurst and Ann Davis (daughter of Lowry and Ann Frew Davis). Do you begin to see that the Wood, Davis, Smithson, and Pritchard families married and intermarried? No? That's because I went into that sufficiently while writing about the Davis-Smithson clan in Part IV. Anyway, William and Elizabeth Wood had three sons born in Carolina. They sold to Spence Wood and went to the St. Bride's Parish area in Norfolk County, Virginia, and had six more sons and one daughter. Briefly their children:

Joseph Norman Wood married Mary Antoinette Ives

Keeling Wood killed in the War Between the States (Civil War)

Jonathan Richardson Wood married Keziah Whitehurst

William Franklin Wood married Emma Dudley

James Thomas Wood married Sarah Frances Sanderlin

Caleb Luten Wood married Elizabeth Estelle Sanderlin

Clayton Wood married Josephine Dozier

Sarah Elizabeth Wood never married

George Elliott Wood married Sarah Jane Butt (Hyde County)

Charles Wood married Olivia V. Fentress

Since time and space have been taken with William and Betsy Wood's offspring, perhaps equal space should be given to Joseph and Sally's daughter Susannah Wood who married Alson McPherson in Pasquotank County:

Sarah McPherson married Griffin S. Jennings

Charlotte H. McPherson married Samuel Overman

Timothy McPherson died young

Thomas G. McPherson moved to Princess Anne County, Virginia and died there. He married Mary Elizabeth Gregory of Princess Anne County.

Susan Courtney McPherson died young.

Parthenia (Partheny) Wood married Murden Stokeley and they had

Lucy Stokely

Franklin Stokely

Elizabeth Stokely

Jere Stokely married and had three daughters in the area of South Norfolk,
Virginia

Emma Stokely

Nanny Wood married Elliott Whitehurst and had one daughter, Sally. No more is known of her.

– Chapter 5 –

Another generation came. This generation was born of the union of **Spence Wood** and his second wife, **Pollie Pritchard**. As stated earlier, Pollie was one of the good Pritchards, the daughter of Peleg Pritchard and Margaret Jones Pritchard. There were, and are, so many Pritchards in Pasquotank and Perquimans Counties that it boggles the brain. Why, one old Pritchard fool was so stubborn, he stood outside in the heat of a thunderstorm rather than go in his sister's house --she'd provoked him about something. Lightning should have struck him dead, but the fates didn't see it that way.

Then another Pritchard, of the same line – the one with the hogs – let those hogs root in "The Wood Burying Ground." He started a brush fire on a windy day and set fire to the fence around the burying ground and the wooden markers. Both fence and grave markers are gone forever. Of course this happened after the property went out of the Wood family and one of "that line" of Pritchards bought it, but "The Wood Burying Ground" was excepted in the deed. To this day, it is Wood property if it has not been totally ruined. Why, some in that group of Pritchards didn't even like each other! Those stories came by way of a Pritchard cousin who is now dead.

Pollie, though, was of a different breed. She was a lady. Born 25 January 1822, she married Spence Wood 31 March 1841. Together they lived a good and prosperous life. They had four children.

The first child was Mary (Mollie) Wood born 24 February 1843, in Pasquotank County, North Carolina. Mollie died 2 September 1872. On 9 August 1860, Mollie

married Sykes Davis* and they had Margaret Lavinia Davis who married John Quincy Adams Wood (father of General John Elliott Wood). Then came Sarah E. Davis who married Quinton Jennings. Polly Virginia Davis died young. Joshua Judson Davis married Margaret Elizabeth White and spent part of his life in Camden County, North Carolina.

Their second child was Margaret Wood, born 30 June 1845, died in 1906, and married first Henry Hollowell Perry on 30 November 1871. She was his third wife. They had Hix Perry who married Daniel Morgan; and Bragg Perry who married Carrie Layden. Margaret's second marriage to Isaac Harris produced no children.

Their third child was **William Elliott Wood**, born 8 April 1847, who died 22 January 1927. He married **Elizabeth (Bett) Davis** on 8 August 1868. William Elliott was five years younger than Bett. They had six children who will be cited later. Later because they warrant more space.

The youngest child (another girl) was born 7 May 1856 and died about 1940. She was Charlotte Hickson Wood and married a Halstead. For some reason, no one has ever dug in the records enough to find out which Halstead and if there were children. It is suspected she died without children. In all the research in "Our Wood Family," Charlotte Hickson Wood is the first to have the name Hickson. William Elliott Wood (her older brother) named one of his daughters Elizabeth Hickson (shortened to Hix). She, in turn named one of her daughters, Hix. William Elliott Wood's son, Lulon Paul Wood, named one of his daughters Goldie Hicks. Charlotte's sister, Margaret, named a child Hix – evidently she was loved and respected.

* Sykes Davis is shown on the Davis Chart as do many of the other names appearing herein. The reader will be able to cross-reference names if interested.

And so, in the Court House in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, is the probate of **Spence Wood's** will dated 25 July 1883. He nominated his wife, Pollic, and his son, **William E. Wood**, as executors. In the document there is no mention of his four children by his first wife, Mary. It is within the realm of possibility that they died young along with Mary. There is no record of a Gift Deed being made to them. They vanished from the face of the earth.

Possibly remembering his mother's dissent of his father's will, Spence was generous with his son, daughter, and grandson Joshua Judson Davis (son of Mollie Wood and Sykes Davis). Margaret Wood Perry, **William Elliott Wood**, and Joshua Davis received large amounts of land. Pollic received the use of most of the plantation, the stock, crops, furniture, provisions, and farm implements for her lifetime.

In "Our Wood Family" there were (and are) some traits which seem to carry on – being practical, business minded, and hardnosed. William Elliott Wood had borrowed \$250 from his father. For what purpose is not known. This much is known – in Spence's will, he specifically cites this debt and wills that if it has not been paid (with interest) at the time of his (Spence's) death, then the amount shall be taken from William Elliott's share. And that trait followed through for at least one more generation.

*Elizabeth "Bett" Davis Wood
(wife of W.E. Wood)*



*William Elliott Wood's home
ca 1885*

– Chapter 6 –

From this generation on, the interrelationship with the Davis-Smithson families gets thick. It reminds one of beating heavy cream. First there comes whipped cream. Then, the whipped cream becomes butter. No longer beatable, the butter has to be put in a mold. In a way, "Our Wood Family" has been put in a mold – we meld together within a rather fixed and rigid mold. It is funny how the intangibles become tangible.

I'm going back to Spence and Pollic (sometimes spelled Polly) Pritchard Wood's only son, **William Elliott Wood**, born in 1847. In August of 1867, he married **Elizabeth (Bett) Davis**. Bett was the oldest child of Miles Davis and his second wife, Martha Harris. More than enough has been written about the Davis clan in Part IV. The issue shall not be belabored. From her picture, Bett seems to have been "stiff, stern, and aristocratic." From what I've heard, she was all of that. They propagated.

First came **Lulon Paul Wood**, born 27 March 1868. Now any fool can look at the date of their marriage and Lulon's birthdate. It sounds really modern, doesn't it? "Stiff, stern, and aristocratic" or not, the old girl must have slipped a petticoat or two. They did marry, and that pleases me.

In 1872, the girl **Addie Wood** was born. She died 6 September 1911. On 20 June 1891, Addie married a no-good by the name of Quinton Forbes. Quinton was the son of a Baptist minister named Evan Forbes. They were married at home and Bett Davis Wood was elated – a minister's son! Well, all that glitters is not gold! Poor Addie delivered a little girl also in 1891. They named her Sarah Pearl Forbes and in later years she married **Lawrence Keyon Smithson** and had seven children.

In September 1911, Addie died and Pearl was reared by her grandparents – William Elliott and Bett Wood. Quinton Forbes washed his hands of the whole thing.

Addie's daughter, Pearl Smithson, was an integral part of her grandparents' lives and interests. For that reason, what is known of her children is included:

Addie Smithson, married Frank Palmer

Elizabeth Smithson, married Frank McPherson. (Elizabeth was killed in an automobile accident years ago, but left an infant girl.)

Helen Smithson

Bonnie Lorraine Smithson, born 9 October 1932, married Edward Harris

Louise Smithson, married a Hurtz

Pearl Smithson, married a Nettles

Margaret Smithson, married Hersey Forehand, Jr., and lives north of Elizabeth City on Route 17.

On they came. 2 June 1873 saw **E. Hickson (Hix) Wood** come into the world. Of course, she was born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina. On 7 November 1893, she married William Murden and later they moved to Aiken, South Carolina. From her picture, a lovely lady who bore seven children – six of them born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina:

Catherine Wood Murden, married J. P. Gasque

Hix Elizabeth Murden, married L. H. Smith (2 children)

Esther Blonnie Murden, married Moffett Bigham

Thelma Violet Murden, married W. W. Johnston

William Elliott Murden, married Elizabeth Worsham (1 daughter)

John Lawrence Murden, married Gertrude Jones

Margaret Marie Murden, born in South Carolina, unmarried

Through the years there has been much correspondence and many phone conversations with them. They were family oriented, loved to play bridge, and had a keen sense of humor. At least one granddaughter is an artist.

Charles Elliott Wood, born 4 September 1875, was scholarly but never married. On 6 December 1899, he died of typhoid fever in North Carolina. He is buried in the Wood Cemetery at Possum Quarter Landing.

The third son of the family, born in 1878 was **John Davis Wood**. He lived to be 85 and had married **Mattie Cromwell**. He had those same bright-blue eyes sprinkled through the Davis-Wood people. He could sing, and at 85 had a beautiful voice. They adopted a boy whom they named Ernest Wood. Ernest is dead but left progeny – names unknown.

Finally came **Margaret (Maggie) E. Wood**, born 23 October 1883. Both Addie and Maggie were goodlooking ladies, but they surely had a miserable time with men. Maggie fell in love, eloped, and married a real scoundrel named Fred Horton. Little did she know he was a bigamist! Fortunately Maggie's baby was stillborn. William Elliott Wood, her father, found the cur in Virginia, went to Court, and had the marriage dissolved, way back before 1910. I'm sure William Elliott Wood didn't kill him, but I do know old Fred's grave is beside Indian River Road near Pungo, Virginia. The grave is, rightfully, all alone except for snakes and varmints.

In due time, Maggie met and married a nice fellow. It was about time! On 25 April 1910, Maggie married **Whildin Springer, Jr.**, and moved down state to South Creek, North Carolina. They had two sons: Edward E. Springer and Whildin Armistead Springer. Both sons have "the Wood look" and the first time I met them, old Edward (with a glint in his eyes) said, "Come here, honey. We're cousins, I want to hug and kiss you" -- and he did. A very good citizen, I hear – a Shriner and a member of the SAR.

Before going into the will, it should be noted that John and Nancy Wood's concern for education still prevailed. William Elliott and Bett Wood gave some higher education to each of their children who would take it – Maggie and John would not. The others did:

Lulon Paul Wood - Sheep's Academy

Addie Wood - attended Chowan College

E. Hickson Wood - Burkeville Female Institute

Charles Elliott Wood - Sheep's Academy and graduated from the Poughkeepsie College of Business in New York

This might be the place to talk about "Our Wood Family" look. It is especially noticeable in the men. Tall, erect, not fat but muscular, big, blue-eyed, brown to blondish hair, high broad foreheads (some with widow's peaks), full lips and prominent noses! Almost a trademark. And loud of voice! And outspoken! And highly partisan, be it over religion, politics, or some issue of the day. A Wood was rarely "lukewarm" on any subject.

Now comes the time to look at **William Elliott Wood's** will. Probated in 1927, in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, is the will of William Elliott Wood, written 5 February 1912. In 1918, William Elliott Wood sold a tract of land to a Pritchard, including the area of "The Wood Burying Ground" which was excepted from the sale. That Pritchard being of the "hog-type" Pritchards! (In my possession is a certified copy of that deed specifying the exception.)

The will leaves the bulk of the land and estate to Elizabeth Wood for her lifetime and thence the proceeds to **L. P. Wood**, Hicks Murden, Maggie Springer, John D. Wood, and granddaughter Pearl Smithson, except for the share of his son, John D. Wood. Elizabeth Davis Wood was named executrix. When William Elliott Wood died in 1927, Elizabeth was already dead.

History repeats itself. John D. Wood had borrowed \$300 from his father "for the purpose of buying a house and getting a start in life." Unless that was paid before his death, the sum was to be excluded from John D. Wood's inheritance. So, in 1927, Wood land went out of the family, with the exception of the old cemetery. Although the exception provided for the right of way to it, the cemetery is surrounded by hazards, all of which are "posted."

Great-Uncle John D. Wood, while in his 80s, told a story he remembered about Pasquotank County. His father had sent him to Mr. Pastorfield's to get a cartwheel fixed. When the job was finished, he said to Mr. Pastorfield, "Charge it." He thought that was all there was to it. He chuckled as he told the story. Maybe times haven't changed too much since then. Only now it's plastic.

Great-Uncle John always called my Dad, "the Fourth of July" baby. After Great-Uncle John died, his wife sent me a picture of William Elliott Wood (my great-grandfather) in its original frame. That picture hangs near a snapshot of William Elliott Wood holding me when I was an infant.

William Elliott Wood's house still stands – all the other Wood homes and their school have burned. Refinished, it could be a pretty place – some of those Pritchards take care of nothing but hogs. Just to show you their nature, they hold in the attic of William Elliott Wood's home some records that William Elliott had when he was Treasurer of Berea Baptist Church. The Church wants them but the Pritchards won't give them to the Church. So the records are being left for the silverfish and mice. Fact. (Fact, unless they've had a change of heart within the last ten years.) I've trespassed all around the exterior of that house fighting a deep desire to enter it. What had once been a cherished home for generations, had been left to deteriorate. Had I not been with my law-abiding Dad, I would have climbed through a window even though a load of buckshot followed my rear.



*Lulon Paul Wood (infant) —
son of W.E. and "Bett" Wood*



Lulon Paul Wood (adult)

– Chapter 7 –

Another generation is begun with the marriage of **Lulon Paul Wood** (born 27 March 1868) and **Sophia Davis** (born 30 August 1870) on September 8, 1889. Sophia was the daughter of Charles Davis and Martha Jane Saunders or Sanders (they spelled it both ways). Both were of Pasquotank County, Possum Quarter Landing area, near Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Lonny and Sophia were cousins of some degree, both descended from the Arthur Davis line.

Lulon Paul Wood didn't really enjoy farming. He tried several ventures – keeping store, lumbering, and most of all reading! He could sail a boat with skill, and he was arrogant about the older children's education – he knew more than the teacher. It is quite possible that he did! A man who felt it was his right to rule without question. He never recognized the meaning of the word "humble," in his nature. He would, in later years, read all night and sleep all day (unless there was something he wanted to do). Back on land of the plantation, he and Sophia started their family. The children of those children come later.

Lillie Wood, born 31 May 1890, died 14 June 1890

Etta (Ett) Almira Wood, born 27 September 1891, died 28 June 1984. She married 27 December 1921, Raymond Jones. They had two children.

Lillian Wood, born 28 June 1893, died in the 1960s, married Moses Sawyer in February 1913. They had four children.

Thomas Jarvis Wood, born 4 July 1895, died 3 May 1985. Married Helen Godfrey Ward of Princess Anne County, Virginia, 24 December 1916. They had one child.

R. Kenneth Wood, born 13 March 1897, died 29 March 1897.

Ruth Estelle Wood, born 23 August 1898, died November 1964. Married
Fitzhugh Simmons 21 July 1930. No issue.

The above were born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, on the old plantation land.

Infant Wood, born in Jarvisburg, Currituck County, North Carolina, January 1901, stillborn.

Mattie Sadie Wood, born in Jarvisburg, Currituck County, North Carolina, 18 August 1903. On 30 January 1937, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, she married Roland West. They had two children. On 20 December 1990, she died in Virginia Beach, Va.

Bird Wood, born in Princess Anne County (West Neck), Virginia, 11 June 1906, died in June 1975. Unmarried.

John Davis Wood, born in Princess Anne County (West Neck), Virginia, 23 June 1908, died May 1963. Married Hellon Brothers and had one child. (The Brothers originally came from Pasquotank County, N.C.)

Goldie Hicks Wood, born in Princess Anne County (West Neck), Virginia, 3 February 1911. Married Herman Bartee in September 1935. No issue.

From the offspring of the above progeny of Lulon Paul Wood and Sophia Davis Wood, comes a lot of details. They "begat" and "began" until it is hard to keep up to date.

So, for a minute or two, let me remember Lulon Paul Wood, better known as Lonny. He had "Our Wood Family" look for sure. He smoked a pipe, he could sing,

and he could expound on religion, education, or politics for hours. If he got against somebody, he was against them for life. He would straw-boss a highway crew building a road in front of his house. He hated a certain political "machine" which ran Princess Anne County, Virginia, from about 1915 onward. No names will be mentioned because the descendants are still around. Lonny had cause for some of his venom. He worked hard for a time raising North Carolina-style sweet potatoes, hauling them to market, and trying to keep ahead. Finally, he read more and more and smoked that stinking pipe. Eccentric? Yes. Every now and again he'd have his hair shaved or cut in a "Mohawk" style, or grow a handlebar mustache or a full beard. He was a free spirit before his time. He liked to visit (to be on the go), and he expected to be treated royally wherever he went. His demeanor was that of an emperor, a ruler without peer.

From his grandmothers, I don't know whether Harris, Pritchard, Wood, or Davis, he had a quilt (1832) and a woven bed coverlet of flax, wool, and cotton (same vintage), all made on the plantation in Pasquotank. By the grace of God, and two aunts, they came my way. There is also a Wood trunk, camelback, and I have Lulon Paul Wood's baby sunbonnet and picture. (What someone lost was a little gold pin he gave me long years ago.)

I didn't dislike him – I stood in awe of him. I don't think I ever hugged him in my life. He didn't want that type of display. Children were to be seen and not heard. That's fine. I hold no grudges. If I had all that mixture of Davis, Wood, Pritchard, Harris, and Smithson genes, I might be just like him.

Damn, come to think of it, I do have those same genes plus a few more!



Sophia Davis Wood
(wife of Lulon Paul Wood)

– Chapter 8 –

The children of the children of **Lulon Paul Wood** and **Sophia Davis Wood** deserve another chapter. Lonny and Sophia's children have been listed with the number of their children, but not their children's names and subsequent offspring. So help me, if any one drops another baby between now and the time this meets printer's ink, they'll answer to me. As one of the old "ants" who delivered so many babies said,

"Dat's enuf! God knows yo' is had enuf' young'uns -- I'se a-quittin'!"

So we start with the oldest child of Lonny and Sophia Wood, **Etta (Ett) Almira Wood** who married **Raymond Joseph Jones**. She was his second wife, but he had had no issue by the first. For years, both Etta and Raymond Jones worked with the Norfolk-Southern Railroad. They had two children and we start with the older one.

Joseph Elliott (called Elliott) Jones was born 23 September 1923 in Princess Anne County, Virginia, and died of cancer 1 June 1991 and was buried at Virginia Beach. While attending Ferrum College (near Martinsville, Virginia), he met and married *Edith Gusler* of Woolvine, Virginia (near Roanoke) on 2 June 1942. Both Elliott and Edith finished college at Emory and Henry. They always lived in the general area of Princess Anne Courthouse (now Virginia Beach, Virginia). Edith taught school, retired, and Elliott wrote poetry for forty years. Three of his poems appear in the 1989 *American Anthology of Poetry*. He was a building contractor, and maker of things. Perhaps it should be mentioned that he commenced studying for the ministry, but it didn't appeal to him. They had three children and they will be next – paragraphed, so to speak.

Josephine (Jo) Annette Jones born 2 September 1944. Jo is a graduate of the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, with a degree in music. She is associated with the Marsh School of Music in Norfolk, Virginia. An accomplished musician herself, she pulls out the latent talent in her students. She is unmarried.

Judith (Judi) Jones born 28 June 1950, in Princess Anne County (or Norfolk, Virginia) attended Ferrum and finished at Radford College. She met and married *Edward (Eddie) Baker* of Blacksburg, Virginia, 24 June 1972. Virginia Tech country. Eddie's father was once head of one of the departments at Tech, but left teaching for business. Eddie is with his father in business. Judi writes deep-philosophical prose (and her twin daughters also write on their grade level). The twins, Diane and Alison Baker, were born 14 January 1976. Alan Baker was born 29 December 1980. Then the youngest, Michelle Baker, was born 14 January 1983. Interesting, the "writing" genes prevail. They live in Blacksburg, Virginia. They enjoy visiting Edith and Elliott's camp in the mountains of Virginia as well as at Virginia Beach, where they go boating, fishing, and "doing fun things."

John Elliott (Johnny) Jones, born 5 August 1952, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, married, divorced and became the father of two children: Sarah Jones, born 22 October 1980, and Kimberly (Kim) Jones, born 13 May 1983. Johnny works in the Norfolk-Virginia Beach, Virginia, area. Both Johnny and his sister, Jo, live with their parents on North Landing Road, Virginia Beach. Johnny is tall, big, and has the "Wood Family" look. He went to Virginia Wesleyan a year and attended the Community College in Chesapeake for two years. Johnny is a productive and good citizen.

The other child of Etta Wood and Raymond Jones was a girl. *Clara Estelle (called Estelle) Jones*, born 14 March 1925, went to Ferrum College where she met a student from Virginia Tech. She and *John Colangelo Bowers*, of Chase City, Virginia, married

20 March 1943 in a church wedding at Salem Methodist Church in the upper part of Princess Anne County. After the war years, John and Estelle Bowers returned to Tech with their young son, where John graduated as a chemical engineer. While with Citrus Research in Florida, he helped develop the useful product of frozen orange juice. John next went with Union Camp Corp. where he contributed to the ingredients for the detergent, Tide. He also (while with Union Camp) worked with a group to develop – for Eli Lilly – a sterol for arteriosclerosis. John recently retired but still serves as a consultant. They live in Jacksonville, Florida.

Their firstborn was *Robert Joseph (Bob) Bowers*, born 23 June 1944 in Norfolk, Virginia. Bob married *Marilyn Gail McCormick*, daughter of General and Mrs. McCormick of Fort Lewis, Washington, on 25 February 1967 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. They had Cheryl Lynn Bowers, born 26 February 1975 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Then they had Suzanne Marie Bowers, born 20 March 1977 in Monterey, California. Colonel Bowers, a graduate of the Air Force Academy, has flown over 400 combat missions and has over 2,500 flying hours as a senior pilot. He has taught at the Academy, been Assistant Air Attaché in the Philippines, and is presently stationed in the Washington, D.C., area. His wife Marilyn died on 24 September 1990 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

After Bob came *Sandra Estelle (Sandy) Bowers*, born 23 June 1948 in Lake Wales, Florida. Sandy married *William Michael Sansbury* of Hartsville, Georgia on 28 June 1969. No issue and they were divorced 12 December 1973. After a long courtship, Sandy married on 22 March 1984, *Lawrence Owen (called Owen) Fulghum* of Savannah, Georgia. No issue. Apparently they enjoy life – they ski (both kinds), travel up to Hilton Head on their boat, have a place at Hilton Head, and help out when needed. Sandy attended Rice University for a time but did not like it. She returned to Jacksonville and attended school there. When in high school, she won first place in a National Essay contest, winning a cruise to the Caribbean.

Finally, John and Estelle had *John Neil (Hank) Bowers*, born 9 February 1954 in Savannah, Georgia. On 17 August 1974, in Jacksonville, Florida, he married *Susan Lee Elliston*. No issue. They were divorced in Raleigh, North Carolina. Next, Hank married *Fiona MacPherson* of Springfield, Virginia, and he almost has his doctorate in psychology from the University of North Carolina. Fiona is a flight attendant with American Airlines.

It should be noted that Estelle has received publicity for her talents as a gourmet cook, and being a gracious and charming hostess. She is family oriented and a caring person.

Now it is time to turn to the daughter of Lonny and Sophia Wood who came next. *Lillian Wood* was born 31 May 1893 in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, and married *Moses Sawyer* in the West Neck section of Princess Anne County, Virginia, in February 1913. Moses was born in Bertie County, North Carolina (across the Albemarle Sound from Edenton, North Carolina). The product of a broken home and an abusive father, Moses Sawyer stole a rowboat and rowed (some five miles) across the Sound to Edenton. He was not much more than a boy. Once in Edenton, the young man, by his wits, found his way to Florida and worked for awhile with the Florida East Coast Railroad helping to build the trestle to the Florida Keys. He was mechanically inclined. When he tired of Florida he headed back to the Norfolk, Virginia, area. He worked either in the fields or on the railroads, eventually holding a long-lasting job with the Norfolk and Western as a machinist. After Moses and Lillian wed, they had first a girl.

Minnie Kathleen (called Kathleen or Kat) Sawyer was born 23 April 1917, either in Norfolk, Virginia, or the West Neck section of Princess Anne County. Kathleen spent most of her youth with her grandparents and aunts in West Neck. She was a student – a state winner in Latin and she attended Longwood College (then Farm-

ville). Because of her scholastic abilities, she was awarded a scholarship and finished at Barnard College in New York City. She wrote and published. Along the way she met *Jennings Clayton Hartsoe* of South Carolina and they married. "JC" had a degree in Journalism. In later years she taught in Jacksonville, Florida, where she died in 1961 of cancer. Kathleen's ashes were spread on the Skyline Drive in Virginia. There were three children:

Clayton Hartsoe, born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1945. No additional information on him is available.

Manning Kent (called Kent) Hartsoe, born 21 May 1948, in Chicago. Kent holds a Master's Degree from Central Missouri State University and is currently (1989) working on his Doctorate in Psychology in Texas. He is married to a *Susan*, and they have a daughter named Amy.

Karen Suzanne (called Suzanne) Hartsoe, born 26 October 1950, in Jacksonville, Florida. She has a degree in Business (with honors) from the University of Texas. Suzanne writes fiction.

After Kathleen came *Charles Sawyer*, always called "Little Charlie," born 25 April 1918 and died during the summer of 1919 with spinal meningitis. He is buried at West Neck, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, on land then owned by his grandparents.

Charles Weldon (Bill) Sawyer was born shortly before the death of his older brother, on 13 May 1919. Bill was always cared for by his aunts. He had a good memory and never forgot anything. Bill had malformed feet and other physical problems. He died 31 July 1990 and is buried at Great Bridge, Virginia.

Helen (named after Helen Ward Wood) was the only child of Lil and Moses Sawyer who shared her mother's home. She was born in 1921 in Norfolk, Virginia, and put to rest in that area in the winter of 1988. Helen married first *Edward Byrd* and they

had Edward, Jr., and Edwina Byrd. Edwina has children and possibly grandchildren; their names are not known. Helen married, secondly, the *Stallings* man who owned Stallings Trucking Company. They had no issue.

After Lil Wood came **Thomas Jarvis Wood** (called Tom), born 4 July 1895 in Pasquotank County on land of the original plantation started by John and Nancy Wood about 1750. Tom moved with his family to the West Neck section of Princess Anne County, Virginia, when a young boy. Before that he lived not far from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and remembered the Wright Brothers' first flight. Tom was quite a man. Lacking formal education, he was self-educated and smart. He moved to Munden Point, Virginia, and with his wife, **Helen Godfrey Ward** of the Salem District, Princess Anne County, Virginia, commenced a good life. They married 24 December 1916, and after Tom's stint in the Navy, had their only child, *Margery Kathryn Wood*, born 28 September 1919 at Munden Point, Virginia, where Tom was agent for the Norfolk-Southern Railroad, Western Union, and Express Co., (having taught himself Morse Code and typing). After the Munden years, he had several business ventures but returned to the railroad in 1938 as Supervisory Agent for the Norfolk-Southern in Edenton, North Carolina. He and his wife, Helen, stayed there the remainder of their lives and are buried in the town's Beaver Hill Cemetery, not far from the home they loved on Pembroke Creek.

Margery finished Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and went to work for the Tennessee Valley Authority in Knoxville, Tennessee in June 1941. She later had more schooling, more jobs, and more places to live – that is not relevant here. In Knoxville, she met and later married *Albert William Furgiuele* of Fall River, Massachusetts, on 19 June 1943. They married in New Haven, Connecticut, where Al was studying aeronautical engineering (at Yale University) as an Aviation Cadet in the U.S. Army Air Force. Al was a graduate and professional

engineer and spent many years as a highway materials engineer in the Culpeper Highway District (now known as the Virginia Department of Transportation). He finished his degree at "Ole Miss," the University of Mississippi, and loved the South – especially the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and Edenton, North Carolina. For many years, Al and Marge enjoyed their place on Cape Cod.

Before coming to Culpeper, Virginia, in January of 1947, they had their first child named after a Davis ancestor – *Martha Jane Furguele*, born in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, 6 July 1946. Jane received honors when she finished high school, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and also when she graduated from the University of Virginia in Charlottesville with her masters in Spanish. She has a Phi Beta Kappa key, and was near her doctorate when she met, and on 22 January 1972, married *Charles Gordon MacDonald* of Boynton Beach, Florida (now Dr. MacDonald, teaching at Florida International University in southern Florida). Jane teaches Hebrew and Latin at a magnet school in Hallandale. They have one child, red-headed, blue-eyed Thomas Charles MacDonald, born 27 November 1979 at University Hospital in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Marge and Al Furguele had their second child, *Harriet Randolph Furguele*, born 28 July 1951 in Charlottesville, Virginia. They had, by this time, moved to Culpeper, Virginia, where Margery still lives. Harriet (called Henri) graduated from Randolph-Macon Woman's College (with honors along the way) and received her Masters in Asian Art History from the University of Hawaii, Manoa Campus in Honolulu. She also earned honors there. Henri, after some eight years of courtship, married *Ronald Baldwin Carpenter* (of Virginia heritage) in Lynchburg, Virginia, 17 December 1977. They moved to New England, first to Stony Creek, Connecticut, and thence to Boston, Massachusetts. Henri still lives in Boston, in Back Bay, but she and Ron have divorced.

Mattie (called Madge) Wood married **Roland West** on 30 January 1937 in Princess Anne County, Virginia. She worked for the Norfolk-Southern Railroad for many years. They built their home before they were married, and Mattie Wood West lived there until the spring of 1990. Roland was Deputy Clerk of Court, Princess Anne County – later to become the City of Virginia Beach – until he died in 1976. Mattie Wood West died 20 December 1990 and is buried in the cemetery at Tabernacle Church in Virginia Beach, Virginia. They had two children.

The first was *Mary Sophia West*, born 5 December 1937, in Princess Anne County. Born red-headed and blue-eyed, Sophia finished nurses' training at De Paul Hospital in Norfolk. While he was in the Navy Band in Norfolk, Sophia met and married *Leonard David Carnagey* of Hammond, Indiana. They were married at Ocean View Baptist Church on 3 September 1960. Leonard was a musician and later dealt in insurance. They've lived in Houston, Texas, for many years, where Mary Sophia works as a nurse. She loves sea gulls and the ocean, and has planted a remembrance garden for special people she has known. Their family once included two horses, two dogs, one cat, and three children: *Leonard David Carnagey, Jr.* (called Skip) was born 10 November 1962 and now lives in California; *Lisa Carnagey*, born 12 December 1964, is unmarried and works in Houston; and *Robert Carnagey*, born 26 February 1969, is in the Air Force and presently stationed in Japan. When asked if she has grandchildren, Mary Sophia laughs and says, "No -- but I have a grand cat."

The next child of Mattie Wood and Roland West was born 30 April 1941 in Princess Anne County -- *Hugh Clalon West*. (Another redhead.) Hugh finished Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia, entered the Air Force, and is now a full Colonel. Hugh has been on special assignment in many places with the Air Force – he is dedicated military. He met and married the *Mollie Mullener*, daughter of (then) Major and Mrs. W. R. Mullener on duty in New Jersey. Mollie and Hugh West had:

Wendy Michelle West born in the Philippines 1 September 1967. She married Capt. David Charles Lee, 2 January 1988, in Humble, Texas. **Waller West**, now in the Air Force because he didn't like college! Walter was born in England 15 August 1968. Hugh and Mollie's "baby" is **Martha West**, born stateside 19 February 1973. She is as agile as a rubber band. The last I heard she was considering William and Mary as the college of her choice. After all, she was Virginia born!

John Davis Wood, born 23 June 1908, in the West Neck section of Princess Anne County, married **Hellon Louise Brothers** also of that county. They married in the 1930s. John died in 1963, but they had one daughter, **Peggy Louise Wood**, born 7 March 1934 in Norfolk, Virginia. Peggy went to Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and became a teacher near Mt. Solon, Virginia (in the Shenandoah Valley). She married **Edward Turner Wright** of Norfolk, Virginia, on 23 June 1956 at Scott Memorial Church, Oceana, Virginia. He was born 17 August 1933 in Norfolk, Virginia, and became both Methodist preacher and teacher. They had four children: Karen Ruth Wright, who was born 22 December 1959 in Richmond, Virginia. She married Frank Isbell on 20 August 1983 but has since divorced. Margaret [Meg] Louise Wright, born 21 March 1961 in Richmond, Virginia, and married Marcus Elgin Glenn on 29 May 1988. Edward John Ralph Wright was born in Richmond, Virginia, on 9 April 1963 and married Deborah Kerr Powley on 15 May 1988. The youngest, Roberta Ellen Wright, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on 6 November 1964. She married T. Todd Smith on 10 May 1987. Both Ed and Peggy Wright plan to retire from teaching within a year or so.

And that concludes the progeny of the progeny of Lulon Paul Wood and Sophia Davis Wood. Perhaps a few comments should be made about those who did not have issue. They left an impressionable mark on many nieces and nephews.

Ruth Estelle Wood, born 23 August 1898, died in November of 1964. Born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, she is interred in Rosewood Memorial Park, Princess Anne County, Virginia. She had the "Davis Family" look. The "Davis Family look," as contrasted with the "Wood Family look," can best be described in this way. Most of the Davis line, unless closely related to the Smithson line, were slim, blond, blue-eyed, and gave the impression of being more frail than the Woods. They *appeared* to be less vocal, less hardnosed, and less robust. In many of the Davis clan, those appearances could be deceiving – the expression, "still water runs deep," could often apply. Most of the Davis family, in our line, were musically talented.

Ruth attended the Norfolk School (or College) of Business, worked in the Clerk's Office at Princess Anne, Virginia, and was made Deputy Clerk of Court. She held that position for many years. On 21 July 1930, she married **Fitzhugh Simmons** and they operated a small farm adjoining her parents' home in West Neck. She was called "Kitchen" by a niece or two.

Bird Wood, born 11 June 1906 in Princess Anne County, Virginia, had a rather sad life. Or so it seemed. She also worked in the County Clerk's Office and later for the Bartee Business at the Courthouse. She was the aunt who showed me the original court records of the trial of Grace Sherwood ca. 1700 – Princess Anne County's only person tried for being a witch. Very impressive!

Bird was distant, didn't like to be touched. She died in June of 1975 of Hodgkins' Disease and is buried near Great Bridge, Virginia.

Now we come to **Goldie Hicks Wood**, born 3 February 1911 and who married **Herman Bartee** in September 1935. Goldie needs a whole book written about her. Maybe someday, somebody will – don't look at me! She has had an interesting life whether she admits it or not. More Wood than Davis. Put a pair of overalls on her

with a false mustache and she's "Lonny" all over again. Damned if she's not. She's traveled; she's piloted their "Two Pals" down the inland-waterway to Florida; she's run a business; she was a champion basketball player; she's good at the dog races; she knows everybody; she can cuss a solid streak; she enjoys beer; and when she pulls out her new Lincoln Continental, you can bet her pistol is (legally) right beside her! She's a great gal. She also has a fantastic memory. At one time her legs would have put Marilyn Monroe's, or Betty Grable's to shame – (ah, she'll shoot me yet).

It would be sad not to say a word here about Sophia Davis who married Lulon Paul Wood. She was wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to many. She was aunt and cousin to many more back in Pasquotank and Norfolk Counties. She was Davis!

Early pictures show her as rather small of stature, blonde, blue-eyed, a trace of dimples, and pretty. I remember hearing her say,

"Why, I was the prettiest girl in Berea Church." Then she'd smile. Then she'd remember.

Most of the time she was gentle. She loved her family, and her children gave her no grounds for complaint – not a horse thief in the lot! She had a difficult time during periods of her life, and her life with Lonny was not a bed of roses. He was not an easy person – living with him was not utopia. Yet, her eyes would twinkle as she'd hold out her arms in welcome, "Honey, it's so good to see you." And you'd get a kiss. Then you'd get a wonderful dinner (everything homemade and cooked on the old wood stove). Grandma's cabbage, cornbread, and coffee-gravy whet my appetite to this day. She had a fig tree that grew the best figs ever eaten on earth.

Money was not abundant in that household, but there was a piano and a pump organ. They had their priorities. Always in, or near, the house were plants and flowers. Sweet peas bloomed and perfumed the air in the summer as did a mock-

orange tree near the side porch. And who could forget the Bull-Frog Serenade on a still summer evening -- ever hear it? There was a trio -- a bass, a tenor, and a soprano. The bass sang *knee-deep*; next, the tenor sang, *Little Deeper, Little Deeper*; came next the soprano with *SNAA-KE, SNAA-KE*. Over and over they sang, and it was part of Sophia Davis Wood's world.

And yes, being there when it was "hog-killing time" and cold. An experience almost nonexistent today -- pity. Let me try to picture the event for those of you city born or born in the 1940s onward. It was a part of Sophia's environment (and many others). The teacher in me feels compelled to give an introductory discourse on that thing called "hog-killing time" -- even though the name is unpleasant, listen closely.

After the weather turned very cold, it was the time when friends helped each other butcher a few hogs they had raised during the summer. Hog meat was a necessity for survival during the coming year. Cows were for giving milk from which came cream, butter, and buttermilk. Poultry (fowl) provided fresh eggs, eggs for "setting" to provide new flocks, frying, and roasting. Hogs were raised for eating -- of course a brood sow was kept to produce another litter of pigs. There were no stores close by, then, at least in the rural areas. It could take hours (4 or 5) to travel 15 miles to the city. Think about that. Hogs provided the lifeline to sustenance. So, neighbor helped neighbor and always received meat to take home. When the neighbor butchered, the favor was returned -- no money changed hands. The Tidewater area was hog country, not cattle country.

All the butchering and processing was done on the spot. I'll spare the details of that for the delicate reader. Very little of the hog was wasted. From the hogs' fat came three products -- lard (shortening), cracklings, and soap. Lard (shortening) was needed for making breads, piecrust, greasing a cast-iron skillet, and for any purpose where polyunsaturated oils are used today -- it resembled Crisco. Vir-

ginians flavored lard with the herb, rosemary* and Carolinians flavored with bay leaves. Chunks of the hogs' fat were put in big cast-iron kettles and cooked (outside because the melting fat bubbled and burped furiously) until it was all melted. Some of this was removed, lye added, and put aside for soap. Near the bottom of the kettle remained the cracklings -- tiny, brown, crumbly pieces which resemble today's Bac-o-Bits -- but not as hard. Cracklings could be substituted for lard in the making of biscuits and cornbread.

When preserving parts of the hog, certain terms need to be defined.

Curing = covering the meat with salt, pepper, and other seasoning and the part hung in a darkened "curing house" for several months.

Smoked = literally that, salting, peppering, and hanging in a "smoke house" where a controlled fire was made burning hickory wood, or some other wood (never pine), allowing the smoke to preserve the food.

Corned = putting, alternately, layers of salt over each layer of meat (this was also done with fish) until the entire keg was full -- then it was covered and usually kept in a smoke house after the fire was out, or at least kept in a cool and dark place.

* Legend has it that rosemary was introduced to the Tidewater area by Grace Sherwood, mentioned earlier as Virginia's most noted woman tried for witchcraft about 1700. The legend, as I heard it as a child, is that she missed rosemary in her garden. One night she rode in an eggshell out to a British ship anchored off Cape Henry. Overnight, she took the ship to England and returned with rosemary to plant in Virginia soil, where it grows profusely to this day. Another version is that she rode in her eggshell to England and returned with one rosemary plant. Fact: Rosemary grows in abundance in that area; and Grace Sherwood could never be drowned by ducking, and witch or not, was allowed to return to her husband and family after several years of imprisonment. Even today, there is a Witch Duck Point and a Witch Duck Road in the Lynnhaven area.

Canned = the home method of cooking and sealing jars of what was to be saved. In the case of sausage cakes, the cakes were put in jars (or crocks) and covered with lard, then sealed.

Dried = usually with fruit, or beans, the pieces were put outside on top of a low building and sun dried until "dead looking."

Fresh = applied not only to the hog, but also to any food product that had not been cured, smoked, corned, canned, dried, or, in recent years frozen.

I've never met, or heard of, any person who cured or smoked hams, shoulders, bacon slabs, or sidemeat without his own special formula. The same thing is true in the making of the sausage. No, I shall not diagram the parts of the hog. Let me mention some of the parts used -- hams, shoulders, bacon sidemeat, fat back, "streak of lean-streak of fat," the pigs feet, ears, tail, brains, head, liver, loins, chine, back bone, sausage meat, sausage links (encased in the thoroughly washed intestines), the intestines left over were chitterlings, "chittlins," and eaten by some (hated by others), souse (cheese-like in texture), scrapple, and liver pudding. The Woods ate the liver fresh and most of the loins fresh.

Indeed, I remember "hog killing time" with good memories and due respect. Note, my students, this was the way it was with Sophia Davis Wood and people of rural Tidewater. Not that I advocate a diet of hog meat and fat, but I know most of them lived to be 80, 90, and some 100! Think about it -- a good many smoked, dipped, chewed tobacco and "nipped" a bit. End of lesson. Or, should it be a lesson for the AMA?

– Chapter 9 –

The somewhat lengthy details set forth in Chapter Eight should be justified. If not justified, at least explained. Naturally, much more is known about this generation than those first Wood settlers in Virginia and North Carolina from whom we descend. Yet, to the writer, Chapter Eight proves the point made in Chapter Two on the Pasquotank genesis of John and Nancy Wood. Their literacy, and their concern for it, seems to have traveled the path of genetics into subsequent generations. Even in those who lacked formal education, there seems to have been a persistence to learn more -- to achieve; a persistence to do a job well; and yes, an ability to express verbally and to push an offspring upward and beyond. Remember, we're speaking of rural people living in the hinterlands.

Being the oldest living grandchild of Lulon Paul and Sophia Davis Wood, I've known several generations of this line. Objectively, I've viewed many of them: the aunt who wrote her memories -- without the tools to write (quoting her son); my Dad, at age 86, who gave an extemporaneous speech before a large group (from two states) honoring his sixty years as a Mason. He did it well -- he spoke well before any group. And the others did well at what they did. From those children of Lulon Paul and Sophia Wood this will to achieve was passed on to their progeny. Achievement was not pressured -- it was encouraged and assumed to be the natural thing to do.

On a national scale there have been no Presidents, Nobel or Pulitzer Prize winners, or Al Capones. Praise be. The joy of living and doing one's best seems to have been enough.

– *Epilogue* –

Now, we've traveled from the Pasquotank era in 1750 (not counting the early Virginia period) to 1989 -- close to 250 years. We have our roots. The question is, what do we do with them? Let us hope it is for something constructive.

August 1, 1988

Culpeper, in the Commonwealth of Virginia

Author's Note

To keep an excessive amount of detail to a minimum, many court and genealogical family-record sheets are not included. The writer has a vast amount of data which, while pertinent, would make this publication too bulky and tedious to follow.

Should anyone reading this material have questions about a particular family or line, I shall be happy to supply it. That is, to the extent I have it in my library of records.

Margery Wood Furguele
1630 Stonybrook Lane
Culpeper, VA 22701

May 1989

NOTE: The writer has been examined and certified as a Professional Genealogical Record Searcher in the Commonwealth of Virginia and the State of North Carolina for many years.



Margery Kathryn Wood, age 9, at Munden Point, VA.



*Thomas Jarvis Wood —
father of Margery Kathryn Wood*

PART II

AS THEY CAME



*Margaret Wood Perry—
sister of Wm. Elliott Wood*



Addie Wood Forbes



John Davis Wood



Margaret "Maggie" Wood Springer

Samuel Davis I, from Gravesend, England to Isle of Wight County, Virginia, before 1638.

Samuel Davis II, born in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, ca 1638. The first of this Davis Family in Pasquotank County, North Carolina.

Samuel Davis III, born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, ca 1660.

Thomas Davis, born in Pasquotank County, ca 1695.

Arthur Davis (Sea Captain), born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, ca 1715. He had four children about whom the Trilogy in Part IV was written – *Sanford*, *Rebecca*, and *Bathsheba*. Through them came more of the Davis clan.

Thomas Smithson (Sea Captain), born ca 1690 in England and sailed into Elizabeth City, North Carolina, with a wife and one child. The wife died and Thomas Smithson sailed to Constantinople, Turkey (the Ottoman Turks) and bought a Greek slave girl. He married her in Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

Anne, the Greek Slave Girl, born in Greece ca 1705 and died in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, ca 1760. Anne and Thomas Smithson's daughter *Miriam*, married *Sanford Davis*.

John Frue or Frew, born ca 1754 in New England, reliably presumed. He was in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, in 1790. He was dead by 1824. His youngest daughter, *Ann*, married *Lowry Davis* (son of Rebecca Davis Seeley).

Stephen Harris, born ca 1650 in England, transported into Pasquotank County about 1663. A George Harris was in the above county in 1697. From either of these men must have come *John (Johnnie) Harris*, born ca 1750 in Pasquotank County because they are the only Harris men listed in the records. Johnnie served in the American Revolution and fathered *Martha Harris* who married *Miles Davis*.

Wilson and Wharton – were in Pasquotank County ca 1750. Their daughters married *Davis* men.

Stafford-Sanders (Saunders) – were in the Pasquotank area by 1800 and married into the *Wood* and *Morgan* lines.

Benjamin Pritchard – was in Pasquotank County about 1700. It is reasonable to believe he was the father of John Pritchard, as John's son willed two of his children land known as the "Benjamin Pritchard tract." John served in the American Revolution as an ensign and fathered two sons – the younger, *Peleg Pritchard*, born 5 April 1772, fathered (among others) *Pollie (or Polly) Pritchard* who married *Spence Wood*.

Edward Wood I, born in England, ca 1630, was transported into the harbor at Norfolk, Virginia, before 1670. He settled in what is now called Portsmouth, Berkley, or South Norfolk.

Edward Wood II, born in Upper Norfolk County, Virginia, ca 1672. He is buried in that area.

John Wood, born ca 1735 in Lower Norfolk County (Princess Anne County, Virginia) – in the area of the present section of Dam Neck. *John* moved to Pasquotank County, North Carolina, and died there in March 1803.

Joseph Wood, born 1754 in Pasquotank County; died there November 1822.

Spence Wood, born 28 January 1813, in the same county, and died there in 1883.

William Elliott Wood, born 8 April 1847 in Pasquotank County, North Carolina. Died 22 January 1927 in Staunton, Virginia. After that, the Wood property (except the "Burying Ground") went out of the family. He had married a *Davis*.

Lulon Paul Wood, born 27 March 1868, in Pasquotank, married a *Davis* and six of their children were born on the old Wood Plantation – two were born in Currituck County, and the other three in Virginia. He died in Princess Anne County, Virginia.

Thomas Jarvis Wood, born 4 July 1895; died 3 May 1985, was born in Pasquotank and buried in Edenton, North Carolina. On the morning of 3 May 1985, he was carried by ambulance (comatose) to a hospital in Elizabeth City for a special test. That hospital was less than five miles from his birthplace. He was returned to the hospital in Edenton and expired within 15 minutes. Comatose, or not, I feel something in him knew he was saying "farewell" to the place of his birth almost ninety years earlier.

Neither Thomas nor John Wood (of Lulon) left male heirs – end of the line so far as the Wood surname. The Wood genes carry on.



Hix/Hickson Wood Murden



Hix Wood Murden with brother John Wood and his wife Mattie. Hix and John of William Elliott and "Bett" Davis Wood.

Charles Wood

PART III

HEADHUNTING IN THE PASQUOTANK



L to R: Esther B. Murden, Catherine W. Murden, Hix E. Murden, Thelma V. Murden, and Margaret Murden — family of Hix Wood Murden (daughter of Wm. Elliott Wood).

Madge and Ruth Wood with niece Kathleen Sawyer.



Bird Wood, daughter of L.P. and Sophia Wood, with niece Kathleen Sawyer.



Ruth and Goldie Wood, daughters of Lulon Paul and Sophia D. Wood.

– Chapter 1 –

To round out briefly this segment of history more must be said. Those early ancestors left their footprints in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, cleared the wilderness, built, and sired. The Davis family, the Smithson family, the Wood family, the Harris family, Pritchards and others, survived to send forth generation after generation to produce growth, to sail the seas, to foster their hopes and dreams. Pasquotank County continues to grow, although some of the growth may be questionable.

Certainly the Woods married Davis after Davis; they married Smithson after Smithson; and they married into other lines. This is not a pursuit of the lateral lines into Stokeley, Perry, Morgan, Jennings, Spence, and Overman – it deals with direct lines of descent. It may seem a conglomeration of material, but it becomes a part of the total picture.

As stated earlier, we'll do this my way. Perhaps it will serve as a magnet for someone to dig deeper for more facts. The facts are there – somewhere – but this person gave out of steam along the way. This person tosses the challenge for further investigation. You? Or you? Or maybe some little tyke not yet born?

*Thomas J. Wood and a pair of dogs
circa 1912*



Etta and Ruth Wood.



Etta Wood



*Goldie Wood with 1st cousin
Edward Springer.*

– Chapter 2 –

More or less in the order of their entry into "Our Family":

FRUE or FREW In Vol. VI, p. 265, *Hathaways* states, "Dissenters came to North Carolina from New England around 1760 – Anabaptists, Methodists, Quakers, and Presbyterians." In New England in the 1770s the name Frew was considered by some, to be "old family." The first in Pasquotank was *John Frew*, born ca 1754. We assume he married before 1774. There were nine children. It is known that John Frew was a blacksmith in Pasquotank County in 1790. He had at least two sons who fathered children – Archibald and Isaac. Both were dead by 1824. At least one son went to Hickman County, Kentucky – William. He sold land in Pasquotank County to John Davis and Spence Wood in 1824. There is a small Frew cemetery near the Medical Complex in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, on Route 17 North.

The youngest child of John Frew was *Ann Frew*, born ca 1785 in Pasquotank. She married *Lowry Davis* about 1800 and is in our direct line of descent. Lowry and Ann Davis were the parents of three children, but *Miles Davis* holds our special interest. Miles, born 21 July 1802, married *Martha Harris* on or about 1840. She was his second wife. He had first married Elizabeth Wilcox and had several children.

HARRIS From Aldemann Library at the University of Virginia, Worth Ray's book, *Old Albemarle*, states, "Stephen Harris – transported to the southwest side of the Pasquotank River, by Thomas Relfe, who was granted 750 acres in 1663." And also, "George Harris was a taxpayer in Pasquotank

County about 1697." It must be assumed that *Stephen Harris* was the immigrant into Pasquotank County, North Carolina.

John (Johnnie) Harris, born ca 1750 in Pasquotank, married and had at least three children before the American Revolution. According to *Hathaways*, "John served in the Revolution in 1775. He was in Samuel Height's Company, Pasquotank County, North Carolina – Regiment of Colonel Robert Murden." When I inquired, the National Archives in Washington, D.C. showed no record of this, but it is probably in the North Carolina Archives. It has been said he never filed for a veteran's pension because he was not sure of the exact dates he served. His children follow:

Fannie, born about 1770 in Elizabeth City, never married.

An unnamed baby born in 1772 – probably stillborn.

Stokeley Harris, born 1774, who had: Elisha, Anderson, Miles, Samuel, Keziah (Kizzie), and Nancy Harris.

Maximillian (Maxie) Harris, born about 1776 and who had: Richard, born 1797, and Pritchard, born 1799. Pritchard later married Martha (Patsy) Davis, daughter of Adam Davis and Martha (Penelope) Sykes.

James (Jimmy) Harris, born 1778, had: Simeon, Henry, Martin, Sallie, Ollie, and Octavia Harris.

John (Jackie) Harris, born 1780, had: Wilson, Jordan, Henry, Louise Betts, Emily (Brite-Bright), Charles, Mary Ann Overman.

Josiah Harris, born 1782 in Elizabeth City, married *Penelope Jackson* (possibly the sister of Joseph Jackson who married Margaret Davis and David Jackson who married Penelope Davis (both daughters of Adam Davis and Martha (Penelope) Sykes). Josiah and Penelope had two children: *Martha Harris*, born 26 June 1817 who married *Miles Davis* in 1840; and *Leroy Harris* who was born about 1819.

Ephriam Harris, born 1784, had five daughters: Marylinda, Phyllis, Mariah, Charity, and Mary Ann Harris.

WILSON The first wife of *Reuben Smithson Davis* was a Wilson girl whose father owned Wilson's Dunghill. The Pasquotank County records have many Wilson marriage and will records but, so far, nothing has jumped out and yelled, "I'm the one." This Wilson girl is important because she was the mother of *Elizabeth (Betsy) Davis* who married *Joshua Davis* and they had *Charles Davis* who married *Martha Jane Sanders (Saunders)*.

WHARTON Again, the records in Elizabeth City, North Carolina have several items on the Whartons. It is well known that there were four Wharton sisters – Hannah married Edmund Davis; one married William Winberry (whose father was John Winberry) and was the mother of Sidney or "Granny Frew"; one married the sea captain Jim Andrews; and *Dolly (Dorothy) Wharton* married *Thomas Davis*. Thomas and Dolly produced four boys among whom was *Willis Davis*, the father of *Joshua Davis*. His importance is noted in the previous paragraph.

Note: It is usually said with a chuckle that Sidney "Granny Frew" Winberry married *three Isaacs* – and buried all three. Someone went so far as to say that "Granny Frew" was death to an Isaac.

**STAFFORD-
SANDERS
(SAUNDERS)** The *Martha Jane Sanders (Saunders)* who married *Charles Davis* had five children – among whom was *Sophia Davis* who married *Lulon Paul Wood*. The following was her background, at least as far as has been checked.

Martha Jane's father was *Josiah Sanders (Saunders)*, born about 1808 in Gates County, North Carolina. His second wife was *Elizabeth Stafford* of Pasquotank County. Elizabeth Stafford's father was *Joseph (or Josiah) Stafford*, born about 1800, and was married to a Mary. Elizabeth was born about 1820 and, when she married Sanders (Saunders), her father disinherited her. That is in the records in Elizabeth City. *Josiah and Elizabeth Stafford Sanders (Saunders)* had three children: *Martha Jane Sanders (Saunders)* married *Charles Davis* 13 May 1862; Matilda, born 1849, married Thomas (Tom) Morgan on 24 March 1874 and had James, Edward, Ann, Bartlett, and Corrine Morgan; and Polly A. Sanders (Saunders), born 1851 and married Seth Morgan on 7 April 1870. Seth and Tom Morgan were brothers.

PRITCHARD Well, by golly, we get to the Pritchards. *Pollie (or Polly) Pritchard* was the second wife of *Spence Wood*. She has been referenced as one of the "good" Pritchards – but she was not of the Quaker branch of the Pritchards in Perquimans County. Pollie's forebears are well documented in the records – Land Division Book in Pasquotank County, from *Hathaways*, books in the Aldemann Library at the University of Virginia, and the Peleg Pritchard Family Bible.

The immigrant is not positively identified, although it is suspected that it was Benjamin Pritchard. We start with *John Pritchard*, born about 1740 in Elizabeth City, and who married a Mary. They had at least two sons who heired land on Nobbs (Knobbs) Creek just to the north of Elizabeth City on the present Route 17. John Pritchard was an Ensign in Captain William Ambercrombie's Company, Pasquotank County, in 1775 during the American Revolution. John and Mary had John Pritchard, Jr., born before 1772. Their younger son was *Peleg Pritchard*, born

in Elizabeth City on 5 April 1772. He died 24 April 1847 and had been married three times.

By Elizabeth White he had:

Wiley Pritchard, born 27 July 1799 and heired part of the Benjamin Pritchard tract.

Sarah (Sally) Pritchard, born 27 August 1804 and married Kelon Whitehurst.

She also heired part of the Benjamin Pritchard tract.

John Criste Pritchard, born 15 February 1807. He married Eleanor Jennings 11 December 1829 (daughter of Lemuel Jennings) and they had: Lemuel J. Pritchard (born 4 November 1830), William Pritchard (born 5 December 1832), and Wiley Pritchard (born 7 March 1835).

Mary Pritchard, born 5 January 1810, married a Bray and had one son, William Bray.

Elizabeth Pritchard, born 11 June 1813 and died 7 August 1821.

Peleg's next wife was named Mabel and they had one son, Miles Pritchard, born 10 March 1816 and who married a Sarah. Miles and Sarah Pritchard had four children: Octavia Pritchard, born 1 January 1840; Sophronia Pritchard, born 25 March 1842; Martha Jane Pritchard, born 2 August 1845; and Charles Henry Pritchard, born 17 April 1847 and married a Josephine B. (possibly a Brothers).

Peleg's third and final wife was *Margaret Jones*, born 4 June 1797. Margaret Jones was the daughter of *Benjamin Jones*, born either in Camden or Pasquotank County. Jones was married to *Mary Williams* of Pasquotank. Peleg and Margaret Pritchard had four children:

Peleg Pritchard, Junior, born 18 June 1820.

Pollie Pritchard, born 25 January 1822 in Elizabeth City, and on 31 March 1841 married *Spence Wood*.

Sophronia Pritchard, born 23 March 1824 and may have died young.

David Pritchard, born 7 May 1826 and married Margaret Sawyer on 15 June 1851. Margaret was the daughter of Gardner and Nancy Sawyer. David and Margaret Pritchard had two children – Susan Perry Pritchard (born 12 September 1852) and Clinton Sawyer Pritchard (born 14 November 1853).

Now, to talk about that other bunch of Pritchards. I am well aware that their descendants still roam over the Pasquotank and beyond the Albemarle Sound. There must be some good ones around. Most of that crew came from Richard Pritchard, born ca 1825, and his second wife Margaret Harris – both of Pasquotank County. They had a number of children. Among their children came W. Frank Pritchard, born about 1850. W. Frank married Martha Ermine (Minnie) Davis – the daughter of Miles Davis and Martha Harris Davis. Some referred to her as "Big Minnie."

Well, yes, they became cousins of one degree or another. But a cousin is more tolerable than a direct-line multi-grandparent. Right? Right! Now back to Miles and Martha Harris Davis. They had seven children, among whom was Martha Ermine (Minnie) Davis who in turn married W. Frank Pritchard, mentioned earlier. One of their offspring was Estelle Pritchard, a lively, delightful little lady who married John Cherry and lived right at Possum Quarter Landing, nearly surrounded by all those fat hogs snuggled in the muck of a pigpen. Her brother, Ben Frank Pritchard, was (I think) one of the biggest of the hog-lovers. To him they were "money in the bank." To Estelle Cherry, they were a blankety-blank eyesore. She didn't like some of her Pritchard kin – no way. And could she talk! A 45-

minute conversation on the phone with my Dad was a "short" conversation (he might get in a word now and then). Cousin Estelle was a giving and considerate person — yet, she called a spade a spade no matter what!

WHERE ARE THEY? There are many without the full name of spouses. Many who need to be traced back another generation or two. And most importantly, who was Sarah (Sally) D. Wood?

– *Epilogue* –

Should you travel north on Route 17 out of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, across Knobbs Creek toward Morgan's Corner, pause a minute. Look around on both sides of the highway. Whether you continue straight at Morgan's Corner to Sunbury, or turn right at the "Corner" toward South Mills, on Route 17, you've traveled through history! My Davis, Smithson, Pritchard, Harris, and Wood people were there in the 17th, and 18th, and 19th Centuries. They hacked the wilderness and planted a future. Not the prettiest spot on earth, but think twice before you call it "The Boonies." Should you elect to call it "The Boonies," this writer may decide to unearth a skeleton or two out of your closets! And, believe me, every closet has a skeleton.

August 1, 1988

Culpeper, Virginia

PART IV

A DAVIS TRILOGY

Dedication: For Harriet (Henri) who not only said, "Marge, you write," but also made sure I did. While not really interested in genealogy, she has been a good listener. She knows my tendency to pitch my written comments. Now she gets my monographs and writings pitched to her.



PREFACE

Arthur and Bathsheba Sanford (widow) Davis had three children who lived to be adults.

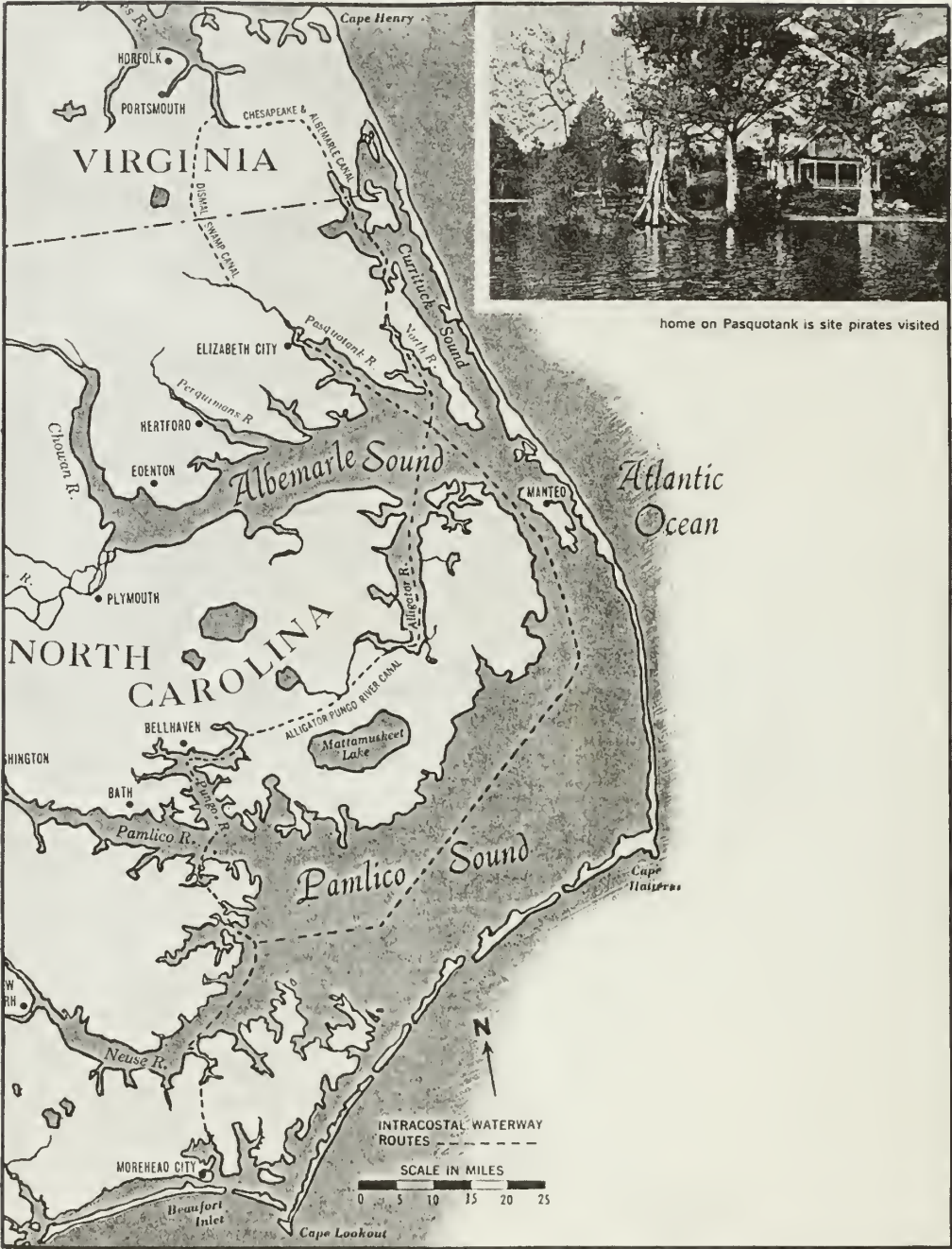
Sanford

Rebecca

Bathsheba

These are their stories told in fiction, whimsy, and imagination; but mostly woven around truth and fact. For some unknown reason, these three seem to have guided my hand in the writing of these simple stories. To say the least, they have held and piqued my interest for many years.

REBECCA DAVIS, THE GENTLE LADY



— Chapter 1 —

Rebecca rocked in her chair, gazing down at the slowly moving Pasquotank River. That cypress-stained mysterious river. A quiet afternoon in early spring with the trees in bloom; and there at the corner of the wide porch, her red-climbing rose bush — her rose. A day so like another spring day long ago. Memories flowed through Rebecca. Her rocking slowed, eyes gently closed, and it was yesteryear. There was Cousin Fred — her Fred.

Rebecca felt strong hands on her shoulders, slowly turning her around.

"Oh, Cousin Fred, you've come at last!" The slim young girl with wheat-colored hair and blue, blue eyes reached up to kiss this handsome young man. He was as blond as she and taller by a head.

"Yes, my lovely 'Becca,' I've slipped away to see you but I can't stay long. Come let us sit by the river and enjoy our time together."

Hand in hand, they scrambled over to a log on the little sandy beach and settled close together — much closer than custom permitted. Neither Rebecca nor Fred gave a whit for proper convention. They loved each other; but they had a problem. A problem bigger than the little minx who suddenly appeared on the scene. Rebecca's sister, younger by two years, and as dark as Rebecca was fair. "Bash."

"Rebecca, come to the house right now, you hear? You sneaked away again, and I'm going to tell. As for you, Cousin Fred, you'd better go as fast as the devil you are!"

Whereupon Cousin Fred jumped up and landed a swat on Bash's behind. Being Bash, she kicked him and fled.

Rebecca and Fred lingered over a long kiss trembling with delight in each other's touch. Another kiss and still one more forbidden kiss – near bliss.

"I'll be here tomorrow, will you?"

"Yes, my love, if I can get away – we must talk without Bash being around."

Quietly, Fred moved away along the path and disappeared through the wheat-fields. Rebecca fluffed her dress and petticoats, tossed her head, and wandered up the path to the house. Deep in daydreams and yearnings – oh to be wedded to Cousin Fred – almost 15 now and old enough to marry. Indeed yes.

As Rebecca neared her home, she saw a simple but nicely proportioned house surrounded by green fields and groves of cedar, oak, and scrub pine. Behind the two-story frame house, there were pens for hogs and the fowl. There were pastures for the mules, horses, oxen, and cattle – even one for a few sheep. The sheep's wool was much needed. The farm buildings were numerous, and near the house there were any number of cabins for the workers. Not a bad looking place at all considering Papa's main interest had always been the sea and his sailing vessel. Papa was captain of *The Lady Luck*.

But Papa's luck had run out four years ago. In the fall of that year, Papa and her brother Arthur, Jr., had gone deer hunting. Junior had been so excited about going for deer. There was an accident, and Junior had lost his life. Things at home had never been the same since then. A tragic, horrible event that left scars on each of them.

Rebecca and Junior had been close. Her older brother, Sanford, was too "grown-upish" – too bossy. As for Bash, well she was a pain to be suffered. The girl, Rebecca, never felt close to her mother. After the accident, the distance between them grew greater. Bash, on the other hand, was much more like her

mother – even looked like her. Now I, thought Rebecca, am like Papa's folks – the Davis family.

On the porch of the house, Rebecca paused as she heard voices. Good! Her Papa was home from his voyage. But there were other voices – strangers because they didn't sound like Virginians or North Carolinians. She would enter the Great Room and find out.

— Chapter 2 —

"Oh, Papa, how good to see you." Rebecca fairly danced toward her father, throwing her arms around him. Smiling, he hugged the coltish girl. She had a way with her father — her Papa.

"Lass, it is good to cast my eyes on you, but we have guests. These gentlemen sailed with me from Philadelphia and will be staying in Elizabeth City unless I can persuade them to stay here.

"Let me present Mr. Benjamin Pratt, Jr., and Mr. Jeremiah Seeley. Mr. Pratt will shortly become captain of his own sailing vessel, and Mr. Seeley is thinking of buying some farm land here in Carolina."

Rebecca gave a curtsy, smiled, and listened to the gentlemen pay praise to her beauty. Pratt was tall with dark red hair and beard. His green eyes twinkled as he gave her a sly wink. Seeley, possibly 30 years old, was short and stocky. He, too, had a beard. His was almost black, and his hair longish, straight, and black. Seeley stared hard at the girl and a faint smile hovered around his lips.

Just then "Ant Ann" announced dinner and Rebecca joined Bash in the indoor kitchen. It was not the custom, in the colonies, for the children (even those almost grown) to eat with the adults in the dining room. It was also the custom, in those days, to have a big kitchen in a building separate from the main house. At the Arthur Davis home, the big kitchen was connected to the main house by a narrow raised platform covered with a small roof overhead. It did rain mightily in the Al-bemarle, and the wet soil became a quagmire. Not all the houses in the area had a covered platform walk to the main house; but the Davis family was not poor. Not

rich, but reasonably well-to-do. "Ant Flossie" reigned over the big kitchen with two helpers. Inside the house, "Ant Ann" ruled. And rule she did.

The indoor kitchen had a small fireplace for keeping people and food warm. Also in this kitchen there were places for keeping cooked foods – several safes, many crocks, baskets, and shelves for holding preserved foods. In the center of the room stood the large oblong farm table (made of pine) with ten chairs around it.

A cozy room for having a cup of sassafras or imported tea, coffee, milk, or a simple repast. Herbs were hung from the rafters which gave a mingled aroma of bay, sage, rosemary, myrtle, and mint. The fireplace and floor were made of ballast brick because this brick was easily available from the river near Possum Quarter Landing – and the Davis family lived near the landing as did the Woods and Smithsons. They were all related by blood or marriage.

In the dining room, "Ant Ann" served the five adults a Carolina country mid-day dinner. A hearty meal of ham, chicken, gravy, young corn, snap beans, peas, buttered potatoes, boiled cabbage flavored with ham drippings, pickled beets, watermelon-rind pickles, jams, preserves, cornbread, hot biscuits, and strawberry cake or custard for dessert. To complement the meal, scuppernong wine sparkled in gleaming goblets.

Rebecca and Bash had portions served them by "Ant Ann."

"You all eat up every bite on yo' plates else'n you'll answer to me – yo' hear dat?"

If "Ant Ann" said that once, she said it a dozen times to the two girls. They dawdled. They always dawdled.

"I'm going to tell Mama I saw you with Cousin Fred today, a-hugging and a-kissing like a strumpet." Softly said to avoid "Ant Ann's" keen ears.

"Bash, if you open your mean mouth to Mama, I'm going to rub pine gum in your hair, and you'll never get it unstuck – not ever!"

"No you won't, cause I know too much you'd like to know," replied Bash. Rebecca glared and wished this pesky sister were in another world – at least in the Dismal Swamp.

"How, Bash, could you possibly know anything I'd want to know – you think you're so smart."

"Well, my dearest dear sister, Rebecca, I know you'll never wed Cousin Fred! No matter how hard you try to get him – he's took!"

Rebecca was so angry with Bash that she stomped Bash's foot and slapped her face. Her violence was quick, hard, and to the point.

Bash yelled and screamed to the top of her lungs (Bash could bellow as loud as a stuck bull).

"You damned bitch!" The guests could hear Bash as could anyone within a quarter of a mile. "Ant Ann" came on the run as did Papa Arthur Davis.

The fat was in the fire, so to speak. Trouble! Bash was sent to her room after both "Ant Ann" and Papa had reprimanded her unladylike language and manners. Chastened, but not defeated, Bash left for her room after managing to pull Rebecca's hair on the way out. Rebecca remained quiet and sat demurely like a cherub – an angel – the picture of innocence.

After dinner, Rebecca worked on her fancy needlework an hour and put it down. Enough of that. While the others were resting, she slipped upstairs to look in on Bash. She had to find out more from that trouble maker. Maybe Bash was fibbing, but then again, Bash had a knack for overhearing and seeing things not intended for her. The girl snooped and spied, the little devil. Even Rebecca had to admit that you could always count on Bash to know the latest Possum Quarter Landing and Elizabeth City gossip. Bash was, indeed, destined to become the biggest gossip in the area.

"Bash, are you asleep?" Rebecca whispered as she opened the door to the bedroom. No answer.

"Bash, answer me!" Still, no reply. Quietly, Rebecca entered the room and looked around.

"Drat you, Bash, stop hiding." But Bash was not in the room. Once again, Bash had escaped through the window. That girl could shimmy up and down an apple tree quicker than a squirrel after nuts. Six petticoats didn't hamper her style one bit. Truth is, Bash had been known to shed a few or tuck them inside her drawers – if Mama only knew! Even "Ant Ann" hadn't caught on to that. Looking through the window, the top of Bash's dark head could be seen running through the field toward the river.

Quietly going down the stairs, Rebecca eased out of the house making sure she was not seen by anyone. Coming to the edge of the river, Rebecca stopped behind the big cypress tree and watched. Bash shed her clothes – all but her camisole and drawers. Free as a bird, she was a pixie neck deep in the cool, dark Pasquotank. She ducked under, dog-paddled, jumped up and down, and was radiant with pleasure – joy.

Rebecca was a little envious because she, too, had loved to play in the water two or three years ago. Not now, though. Speaking the words aloud,

"Why, I'm old enough to marry Cousin Fred – right now!"

"And who, pray tell, is Cousin Fred that he should hold the heart of this fair maiden?" Startled, Rebecca turned to see Mr. Pratt standing in the path and smiling at her.

— Chapter 3 —

"Oh, Mr. Pratt, I didn't hear you." Quick, he mustn't see Bash.

"Shall we walk toward the house? I do believe the gnats are beginning to bite. You know, we call them 'no-see-ums.' They can be fierce at this time of the year. They leave red bumps that itch terribly. And Rebecca, dimpling, took his arm and moved toward safer ground (away from Bash).

"You know, Miss Rebecca, you are a beautiful addition to this wilderness called Carolina. I must admit I'm beginning to love this place." Rebecca thought — Mr. Pratt seemed pleasant enough, but he was not Cousin Fred.

"Mr. Pratt, when you get your sailing vessel, will you sail out of Elizabeth City? Or will you operate out of one of the other southern ports like Edenton, New Bern, or Wilmington?" Rebecca had heard Papa mention those places — and that is all they were to Rebecca — names.

"Why, Miss Rebecca, I'm planning to operate from these parts. There's a good market for shipping white oak staves for barrel making, for wheat, cotton, and much more. I think this is a near perfect place even if it is mostly wilderness now. It will grow, and I want to grow with it. One day, Elizabeth City will have more than 200 families — it'll be a real city."

Pratt paused, looked down at Rebecca, and smiled tenderly. His enchantment with this girl was growing by the minute.

"You do have vision, Sir, and I think it pleases me to hear you speak so well of our simple life here. I know so little about these things. All I know is that our Davis family owns much land around the river here. I've heard Papa mention something

about land grants to the family at the head of the Pasquotank River. I suppose Papa inherited his part from some uncle or other. I really can't remember which one — not that it matters."

Then Rebecca continued, "You knew my Mama was a widow when she married Papa. Mama doesn't talk about it much, but I think she came from Perquimans County. Perquimans is just south of us before you get down to Edenton in Chowan. Mama was the widow of a Mr. Sanford and my older brother is named Sanford. It's all so confusing to have as many kinfolks as I have! Oh, yes, did you know that there is a Quaker settlement in Perquimans? Sometimes I think Mama might have been born a Quaker. Every now and then she'll say 'thee and thou' instead of the usual ways."

Rebecca led Mr. Pratt up on the porch and waited for "Ant Ann" to bring something to drink. If nothing else, the girl (Rebecca) was a gracious lass. "Ant Ann" served Mr. Pratt a cool drink and looking straight at Rebecca conveyed a strong message that was clear to read.

"What yo' think yo' doing, Missy, walkin' 'bout wid dat gentleman alone — yo' knows better 'n dat 'n I'se gonna deal wid yo' later on." "Ant Ann" took care of the matter just before nightfall, thoroughly. So thoroughly Rebecca had difficulty sitting down. Almost 15 or not, when "Ant Ann" made up her mind, there was no higher court of appeal.

But before "Ant Ann" taught Rebecca a lesson in what was proper behavior, and while Mr. Pratt and Rebecca were still on the porch, Arthur Davis and Mr. Secley joined them.

"Gentlemen, it would be our pleasure to have you stay here with us." Both men replied to Arthur.

"You, Sir, are most kind. Your hospitality has exceeded that which we are accustomed to in some of the northern colonies." Mr. Pratt added, "I had heard of the friendly manner of the people of North Carolina — now I believe it. But, Sir, I

know if I am to find a sailing sloop, I should stay in Elizabeth City. There is much sailing activity there. Perhaps I can visit you again."

Mr. Seeley continued, "Please, Sir, I beg to call again. Your family is delightful. I, too, need to look in the records about available land – I shall certainly need your counsel."

Understanding the logic of being in Elizabeth City, Arthur Davis called his man Jerico, to bring the buggy to carry the men to the village about four miles away. Mrs. Davis came on the porch to wish the men good bye and to invite them to return. While paying their respects to Papa and Mama, Rebecca noticed that both men kept their eyes on her – both of them!

So, the girl thought, she could easily capture the hearts of these two strangers. But No! She wanted Cousin Fred – Cousin Fred was clean shaven – Cousin Fred didn't talk funny – Cousin Fred she would wed or else!

Bathsheba Sanford Davis was nearly 40, but she had a very erect carriage and pleasant manner. She was of medium height with dark wavy hair coiled in a bun on her neck. On her head she wore the usual white lace cap, the custom of the times. Bathsheba was plump but not fat. As she went through the amenities, she managed to watch Rebecca. Something was brewing in that girl's head, and Mama intended to find out what was going on.

When Jerico pulled up to the house with the buggy, the gentlemen doffed their hats and left. Bathsheba turned to Rebecca while Arthur Davis walked in the yard.

"Where is your sister, young miss?"

Rebecca quickly hedged with, "Oh, Mama, she must be in her room after her awful scene at dinner – in front of company, too. Really, Mama, Bash is using dreadful language, and her ways are not good."

Another innocent smile.

"Well, we shall see. And you, Rebecca, do not always behave perfectly, do you?"

With that, Mama walked into the house as Arthur followed. They had had little time to talk since his return from Philadelphia.

— Chapter 4 —

"Mr. Davis, I believe we have a problem. Our Rebecca is almost 15 now, and I feel she should marry soon. She seems to attract the attention of every man she meets. It would be well for her to have a husband. Have you given the matter any thought?"

Seated at the table in the indoor kitchen drinking a cup of tea, Arthur mused. He was a tall, fair-haired man with skin weathered by the sea. A vigorous but sad man.

"Yes, Madam, I suppose the lass is ready for marriage though I find it hard to realize. I shall think about a suitable husband for her. I feel she is overly fond of Cousin Fred, which is a shame — nothing can come of that."

"No, Mister Davis, Cousin Fred would never do — although she does not seem to be aware of his situation. And, most of her other cousins would be no match for the girl. She has a strong will and needs a firm hand to guide her."

Suddenly, as if having a bright idea, Bathsheba declared,

"Mr. Davis, I think we should have a gathering for supper, dancing, and music. We'll invite all the family, near family, and friends in the whole countryside — including those two men who were here today. Maybe someone suitable for Rebecca will come to our attention."

Arthur Davis rubbed his forehead, paused, then spoke with conviction.

"Madam, you are right. This house has been quiet too long. We'll have a party and see what happens with our sweet Rebecca. She is so innocent. I long for her happiness."

With a slight change of mood, Arthur continued,

"And, Mistress Bathsheba, just what do you suggest doing about Bash? Her language is worse than what I hear from the mates on *The Lady Luck*. Where does she hear such words? What makes her such a hellion?

Bathsheba shook her head and replied,

"Aye, Mr. Davis, Bash is all curiosity, eyes, and ears – she listens to everybody and everything. She is spirited, no doubt about that. Something tells me she may not be in her room – I think I'll check on that and tell 'Ant Ann' she must manage her better."

Whereupon she rose and went towards the stairs. Meanwhile Bash, having carefully scouted the area after her swim in the river, had returned to her bedroom – through the window again. When her Mama looked inside the room, all she noticed was Bash sitting on a chair. Mama did not notice the puddles of water or Bash's wet head. Bash smiled,

"May I come downstairs, Mama?"

"Yes, dear, you've been punished long enough. But, Bash, you must not swear; it's not becoming for a young lady. And, Bash, we are going to have a party soon. There'll be supper, dancing, and music – you and Rebecca will have new frocks. I believe I shall have one also."

– Chapter 5 –

By going to the river, Bash decided she had missed some interesting tidbit of conversation – Drat! She tossed her head and allowed to herself,

"I'll find the reason or else I'm not Bash Davis! I may not be as pretty as Rebecca, but I'm a damned sight smarter! And, hellfire, I'll swear when I want to."

As Bash left her room, she saw "Ant Ann" come out of Rebecca's room. Hummm – that meant Rebecca was in trouble. Good! Served her right.

"Ant Ann,' may I have some supper? I'm powerful hungry."

"Lawd-a-mercy, chile, yo' don't deserves any supper. I kin see dat wet head an I knows fo' sho you'se been in dat river agin! Where's yo' wet clothes – under de bed? I'se never gonna live to see old age wid de likes of yo'! An, Missy, yo' was to stay put in yo' room – can't trust yo' out'n my sight a minute.

"I reckons I has to feed yo' else'n yo'se gonna sneak down an hep yo'self. Oh Gawd, give me de strength to bring up yo' two young'uns to be ladies – it sho ain't easy."

Slowly, the two went down to the indoor kitchen where "Ant Ann" started to fix Bash's supper.

"Ant Ann, why were you in Rebecca's room?"

"Chile, dat's none o' yo' business. Now eat what I'se put befo' yo' an be quiet – I'se tired."

"Ant Ann, Mama said we were going to have a party soon. She said Rebecca and I would have new frocks – why? What's going on?"

"Ant Ann" rolled her eyes toward heaven as if to ask for help – with Bash she needed all the help she could get.

"Now, Bash, don't yo' go a-asking me all dos questions. You all will find out when you'se supposed to – unless'n yo' do what yo' generally does an listens at de doors. And what's mo, Missy, yo' oughta do something 'bout de way yo' talks – plain disgraceful – worse'n a tavern wench."

"Yes-um, I just can't help it, and I am powerful curious about things. Ant Ann, when will Rebecca find a husband? And where? Not much to pick from around here – glad I don't have to get a husband – I sure don't want a nasty old husband to boss me!"

"Lawd Gawd, Bash, if'n yo' don't eat yo' supper I'se gonna git my myrtle switch an fan yo' legs." She looked as though she meant it.

"That was good custard, Ant Ann, think I'll just get me some worms and go fishing."

"Oh no yo' ain't, Bash, it be too late. Jes git yo'self a crock an catch some lightning bugs – but yo' ain't gonna go fishing."

"Yes-um." Bash knew when she was overruled. She also knew she had to figure out this puzzle about the party. She reckoned she'd think about that while catching those silly bugs.

– Chapter 6 –

Life went on much the same for the next ten days. Rebecca and Cousin Fred met almost daily, by the Pasquotank, but never without an intrusion by Bash. In a way, Bash became an unintentional guardian of propriety – a sentinel without thanks. Really, Bash was not that concerned about her sister's reputation; she was simply curious and cantankerous. This younger sister thrived on being the thorn, the cocklebur, in her sister's side – and she definitely didn't care for Cousin Fred.

Plans for the party were made and invitations voiced through the community. That meant that three Davis ladies had to have new frocks. Dear old "Ant Celestial" took care of all the stitching and mending for the Davis family. She looked through the materials Capt. Davis had brought back from Philadelphia while she hummed a tune. Finally, she made her decision.

"Ant Celestial" made the decisions and that was final. Her hair was white, and not even Mrs. Davis disputed or quarreled with her regal ways. Everyone knew that when it came to sewing, her word was Gospel. She had made up her mind.

"Miss Rebecca, I sees yo' in dis here white muselin wid de sprigs o' blue cornflowers stitched on it. Den we'll use de blue velvet ribbon fo' de trim. Dat blue jes matches yo' eyes – yo' sho will be a picture. I wishes de cobbler could fix'n yo' some blue slippers, but he ain't dat smart."

Then "Ant Celestial" turned to Bash,

"Now dis crimson plisse has gotta be fo' yo', Miss Bash. Dat crimson jes matches up wid dat temper o' fire yo' got. I'se gonna try to make yo' look like a lady by puttin' some o' dis pretty lace on it – sho is good quality lace. It don't mat-

ter 'bout yo' slippers. You'll probably take 'em off an go barefooted. Trying to make a lady out'n yo' takes more'n lace."

"Ant Celestial" paused a bit before turning to Mrs. Davis,

"Now, you Mrs. Davis, you'se gonna look fine in dis here green crepe de chine. Ain't yo' pearls still around? – jes what yo' needs. And Mrs. Davis, what wid all dis stitching, yo' better let me have Little Bits and Little Peg to hep me. Thank Gawd de menfolks is in good shape an won't need nothing stitched."

And so the preparations went on for the coming party. "Ant Flossie" and her kitchen helpers hustled about cooking everything that could be cooked ahead and kept fresh. Roasted hams, Sally Lunns, salt risin' bread, baked sweet potatoes, and several legs of lamb. The lamb, of course, was flavored by sticking slivered cloves of garlic in the lamb's fat – with dried rosemary sprinkled on top (not too much, but enough to add to the flavor). They prepared white fruit cakes, cookies, and candies by the gross.

Prepared either the day before, or the day of the party, chicken was fried, potato salad made, vegetables and hot breads cooked, plus cakes and pies galore. Thank goodness the barbequed pigs were prepared in the pit outside – that was "Uncle Jonas's" job. Syllabub had to be prepared at the very last minute.

The Possum Quarter Landing area was filled with the aroma of good food cooking. Someone said they could smell it as far away as Elizabeth City. That was probably a stretch of the imagination. At any rate, it would have taken an epidemic of cholera and brain fever to keep the folks away. The Davis party was a big event.

Captain Arthur Davis sent his son, Sanford, way up toward Nansemond County (in Virginia) to a section called "Cut-O-Whiskey" to get spirits. The place was rightly named. Sanford was also in charge of getting fiddlers and someone to call the dances. Other than a few reels (the Virginia Reel), most of the wilderness folks wanted to square dance. Occasionally, when the spirits had evoked a bit of nostal-

gia, a few would get up and do an Irish jig. A trace of the Old Sod was still close in many of those people's hearts — some had been born over there.

Mrs. Davis, with the help of "Ant Ann," supervised the house's beautification. Everything had to gleam and shine. While the party was outside, several of the ladies would find an excuse to come inside — to see what Mrs. Davis had new — women!

Rebecca and Bash did little to help with the party, but they did much to try the patience of "Ant Ann." She was forever saying, "Oh Gawd, give me de strength to make dos girls ladies."

Now, Bash still would not tell Rebecca about Cousin Fred. She had, though, more or less figured out the reason for the party. It had to be a party to show off Rebecca and find her a husband. When she said that to Rebecca, Rebecca glared at her and proclaimed, "But, Bash, I'm going to marry Cousin Fred."

— Chapter 7 —

The day of the party came. The beautiful weather was bright, clear, and comfortably cool. Little lanterns were hung about the yard, candlelight glowed in the house, the "company pasture" filled with hay and water, and to grace it all (in the evening) a full Carolina moon would hover overhead. The setting was perfect.

About four o'clock the guests started to arrive and begin the feasting, dancing, and making merry. They came in riding chairs, surries, buggies, carts, and wagons. Some came by boat on the Pasquotank, and a few were close enough to walk. "Jerico" was busy finding places for all the horses and conveyances in the pasture.

Arthur, Bathsheba, Sanford, Rebecca, and Bash stood near the wide front porch and greeted everyone. Such hugging and kissing — it was truly a picture of "kissing cousins" because most everyone was kinfolks. Mr. Seeley and Captain Pratt were among the guests — their accents contrasted sharply with the North Carolinians. Yet, the homefolks seemed to like them; they mingled well.

Rebecca was cordial to everyone, but she was looking for Cousin Fred. Where was he, she wondered. As the sun moved to five o'clock on the sundial, Rebecca was anxious and fretful. For some reason, Mr. Seeley seemed to be standing near her all the time. She answered his questions, but she simply was not concerned with Mr. Seeley. To be polite, she questioned him,

"Mr. Seeley, have you found property to your liking?"

"Oh yes, Miss Rebecca, I have indeed. As a matter of fact, your father has helped me tremendously. I shall be a neighbor of yours shortly. Next week I shall start building my house — not as nice a house as this, but a comfortable one."

"Well, Sir, did Papa sell you some land, or did the Woods or Smithsons?" Rebecca really didn't care – she was just making conversation.

"Yes, it was owned by the Smithsons and is on the river. My house will have a nice view of the river."

"How nice," replied Rebecca, hoping to end the conversation.

All of a sudden, Rebecca felt Bash poking her in her ribs to get her attention.

"I told you, I told you; your precious Cousin Fred is coming and he's not alone – see? Cousin Fanny is plumb beside him! How do you like that for a surprise?" Bash was actually trembling with excitement, minx that she was.

"Oh, pshaw, Bash. He just gave her a ride and STOP POKING ME!"

"Open your eyes, Miss, and watch how he helps her out of the buggy – you'll see."

Rebecca did look and felt faint and sick. Her Cousin Fred had more than helped Cousin Fanny out of the buggy. He had let his hands roam over Cousin Fanny's full breasts – and he seemed to be enjoying the moment. No – No – it couldn't be – not Cousin Fred – not her Fred.

Bash was enjoying every minute of this – she smirked,

"If you'd had the sense of a gosling, you would have known that Cousin Fred and Cousin Fanny were engaged to marry from the time they were babies. Their papas arranged it; everybody knows that – except you!"

Bash honestly felt no remorse as she watched tiny tears roll down Rebecca's pretty face. Bash was never overly endowed with human kindness – she was Bash.

Rebecca turned and fled into the house and straight into "Ant Ann's" arms – clearly sobbing now.

"What's de matta wid yo', Chile? Yo' done seen a ghost?"

"Oh, Ant Ann (almost hysterical now) Cousin Fred and that awful Cousin Fanny (sob) are going to marry. But (sob) I thought he loved me and he was mine."

Clutching "Ant Ann," she continued to cry and sob as only a heartbroken young girl can. Holding the pretty Rebecca close against her ample body, "Ant Ann" patted her, consoled her, and gave her the only advice she knew – good, practical, and logical.

"Why, Chile, firsts we'll jes dry dos tears. Den we puts on a bright smile. Sho me yo' kin do dat – now dats better – a smile kin cover up a breakin' heart. Ain't nobody gonna know 'bout dis 'cept us'n. Den de next thing we do is jes find us'n another husband – Cousin Fred ain't de only man in dis here territory, but I spec' he be de dumbest."

And so it came to pass that the Davis party was a success, talked about for months. And, before many moons had passed, Rebecca took unto herself a husband – Mr. Jeremiah Seeley, late of the Colony of Rhode Island.

– Chapter 8 –

From time to time, before and after her wedding, Rebecca saw Cousin Fred. But they never met down at the banks of the Pasquotank. Once or twice the man tried to explain about his marriage obligation imposed by his father. He even went so far as to insist he would always love Rebecca. While her heart might always ache for Cousin Fred, Rebecca remained distantly polite. She was not about to become a victim of her emotions.

Jeremiah Seeley liked to build, and he built a small but nice house for Rebecca. A house similar to her parents' home. The nicest part of the house was the big, wide porch facing the deep-running old Pasquotank, not far from Possum Quarter Landing.

When Rebecca married, Arthur Davis gave her "Ant Ann" and several workers to help in the fields. Not quite 16 now, the girl learned about managing a house through the guidance of "Ant Ann." Jeremiah tried hard to farm, but he really didn't know much about crops. He was more inclined to talk about the coming War for Independence, religion, people, and building. The man was more of a talker than a worker – more of a carpenter than a farmer. Yet, he was kind to Rebecca in his own way. With aching heart, Rebecca tried to be a good wife.

"Come help me, Ant Ann," cried Rebecca from the floor where she had fallen. "I guess I fainted; and I feel so sick – do you suppose I have malaria?"

"Ant Ann" rolled her eyes upward – again asking help from the Almighty.

"My Gawd, Missy, let me hep yo' up. Ain't nuthin' de matta wid yo' 'cept you'se gonna have a baby – an yo' not much mo'n a baby yo'self!"

Then "Ant Ann" gave an old-fashioned belly laugh – her body shaking all over,

"My, my, might be kinda nice at dat – if'n it don't take after Bash – don't reckon I could stand another Bash."

In the usual amount of time for such, "Ant Hattie" delivered the Seeleys' first and only child, Master Phillip Seeley. As much a carbon copy of Jeremiah as an infant can be. After her month of confinement, Rebecca remained a lovely wisp of a girl. She was a good mother.

Everything seemed to go well except with Jeremiah. He started to turn grey, and his crops never produced to expectation. When he looked around him, he seemed to be amazed to find himself in this place – with a wife, a son, and responsibilities. The climate didn't agree with him either. The summers were hot, the winters cold, and those singing bull frogs on the river about drove him to distraction. Jeremiah Seeley was troubled and restless – Rebecca more unhappy than ever.

Having a visit from Bash did nothing to enhance her happiness. And Bash came to call far too often, always with the latest news. Before the days of the wireless, the telephone, the TV, Bash was the "eyes and ears" of the world – her world, Providence Township, Possum Quarter Landing, and Elizabeth City. Being a young bride didn't inhibit her gossiping one iota.

"Oh, Rebecca, Cousin Fred and Cousin Fanny don't get on at all. Why Mrs. Perry, who lives nearby, heard them one day having a real squabble – almost a fight! There are some who doubt they even sleep together. "Ant Kid" does their washing said they're using two beds! Now that tells you something.

"And Capt. Pratt – you remember him I'm sure. Well, Rebecca, he is very prominent in Elizabeth City now. He's never married, although he is quite a catch, has named his sailing sloop *The Gentle Lady*. There's a lot of whispers about who the gentle lady might be – you know how those sea captains most always name their ships after a woman.

"I must admit, Rebecca, your Phillip seems nice enough for a baby. I just hope he's not as dumb as you. He seems to be all Seeley – I will say, though, you've kept your figure fairly well after having a baby. Do you use a cinch or a corset?"

Rebecca had had enough of Bash. Without social grace, she told Bash exactly where she could go. Bash didn't go where Rebecca had suggested, but she did depart.

Within the week, Rebecca came to the table for breakfast and found a note addressed to her. Rebecca could barely read, but she had a foreboding that it was not good news. With trembling fingers, she slowly tried to make out the message:

My dear Wife,

This life is more than I can tolerate. I shall never be a farmer. I leave you with the house, land, and everything except one horse and currency to get me back to Rhode Island.

God bless you and my dear Phillip.

Affectionately, Jeremiah Seeley

– Chapter 9 –

Six months passed with Rebecca at the helm. No, she would not return home. She would run the small farm with the help of the field hands and "Ant Ann" supervising the house. Family and friends were supportive. Cousin Fred, reluctantly at first, came frequently to help this abandoned cousin. Then, one day, he rode up with a basket for her.

"Becca, I've brought you something I want you to plant for me, I have a cutting of a red-climbing rose. Please plant it at the south end of this porch. I want it to be a constant reminder that I'll always love you from the bottom of my heart."

"Cousin Fred, through all of this nightmare, you have been a source of strength. Life has dealt us a heavy blow."

Meanwhile young Phillip Seeley was trying to climb in the visitor's lap,

"Phillip, get down from Cousin Fred's lap – you're too dirty for that and you're probably wet!"

Phillip Seeley adored this cousin. Fred played with him and spoiled him. It was mutual affection.

"Aw, Becca, let the child be. He needs a man's company, and I delight in him as you know." At that point, "Ant Ann" stuck her head around the door.

"Mis'tah Fred, don't yo' want somethin' to eat or drink?"

"No thank you, Ant Ann, just make sure my rose cutting gets planted – I really must be leaving now." Fred kissed Rebecca on the forehead. Phillip demanded to be hugged and kissed – and he was wet!

A few minutes later, "Ant Ann" joined Rebecca and Phillip on the wide porch and sat in her favorite rocker. Someone was coming to call in a riding chair.

"Lawd Gawd, I'se not sho we kin stand a visit from her jes now! Bash — dat is Mrs. Reuben Smithson — she's a-coming to call. Gawd. Yo' wants me to take Phillip inside?"

"No, Ant Ann, leave him be. Bash doesn't much like children so maybe she won't stay long."

The three of them watched Bash's driver help her down from her riding chair. Strange, Bash was not as frisky as usual. But, then, it was a hot day. As she came up on the porch, everyone greeted her nicely, including wet Phillip clad only in his diaper. Bash's thoughts were not nice,

"Damned brat; they can't even change him — might as well be trash instead of a Davis."

"Ant Ann" backed off a little, looked carefully at Bash, cocked her head to one side and proclaimed,

"Oh ho, Bash, so yo'se gonna have a baby in 'bout seben months!" — followed by a big laugh.

"Damn you, Ant Ann, how did you know?"

For once in her life, Bash sat down and was almost silent. Rebecca tried to keep a smile from showing. A smile? What she wanted was to roar with laughter. In time she couldn't restrain it any longer and a whooping laugh exploded. Bash glared while "Ant Ann" was enjoying the whole thing.

"Bash, chile, yo' must be plumb tired. Wouldn't yo' like me to fix up a nice cup o' coffee fo' yo'?"

It was then that Bash turned green, and she ran around the side of the house to be sick. Rebecca looked at "Ant Ann" and all she said was "You sweet ole devil," then they both laughed.

– Chapter 10 –

The next day, the rose bush was planted and daily it was soaked with dishwater. It thrived and grew; and by the end of the first summer, it had climbed to the top of the porch – Fred's rose.

As the rose grew, so did Phillip. He was as dark as the Pasquotank. The farm, though, did not grow so rapidly. Rebecca was having a hard time trying to make ends meet. The war was around them – in Norfolk, down in Charleston, and skirmishes on the Outer Banks here in North Carolina. So many places nearby.

Why, down in Edenton some of the ladies got together and refused to drink any more tea with that outrageous tax. They had what they called the Edenton Tea Party and dumped all the tea in Edenton Bay. A smaller version of the Boston Tea Party – but effective. And, Edenton was just 30 miles away! Rebecca really didn't understand much about this War for Independence – still it was frightening. War was always frightening.

Cousin Fred came so often it was almost as though he lived there. "Ant Ann" did not seem to object, and Phillip loved him – he was the Papa he'd never known. Fred helped Rebecca financially and emotionally. One evening, under another Carolina moon, they sat on the porch rocking and talking quietly.

"Becca, I suppose we can never wed, but I feel I've been wedded to you forever." He rose and pulled Rebecca to him.

"Aw, Cousin Fred, I've always loved you as you well know. You are my world – never leave me – I couldn't stand it."

Fred pulled her closer, and when their lips met, there was an explosion of raw pent up emotions. Neither could control what was happening – what was inevitable. Without words, they slowly entered the house and Rebecca's bedroom.

A glimmer of moonlight filtered in the room as the two bodies pulsed with rapture until satiated – spent – completely one. There was perfect union albeit without license.

"My dearest Becca, I am yours forever."

"And I am yours forever."

They were the only vows those two were ever to take, and in their hearts they were made before God.

After that, Cousin Fred spent more and more time with Rebecca and Phillip. No one seemed to ostracize them, Phillips started calling him "Papa," the field workers took his instructions, and Rebecca was happy. While not married, it was the closest they could ever be to marriage – the Fates had not cooperated.

– Chapter 11 –

"Ant Ann, I don't want any breakfast today. I'm afraid, Antie, I'm going to have another baby."

"Well Gawd hep us. Do he know?"

"Not yet, Antie, but I figure to tell him soon. Antie, will he hate having a bastard child? I'm so scared."

"Oh honey, de way he likes chilluns, I'se sho he won't be anythin' 'cept happy. If'n he ain't, we'll jes have dat baby all by ourselves – bound to be a pretty one – an don't yo' call him no bastard neither!"

Fred, who was supposed to be out in the fields, had come back to the house early. He was standing at the door to the kitchen. He'd heard enough of the conversation to get the gist of it. He went to Rebecca, knelt by her side, looked at her lovingly, and whispered,

"Oh my darling, Becca, I'm going to be the proudest papa in all of Carolina. Our baby will never be a bastard in our eyes – NEVER! He will be ours – and Ant Ann's of course. Come, Becca, you must lie down and rest. You need to be very careful of your health."

"Cousin Fred, don't be silly. I'm fit as a fiddle. I just can't tolerate breakfast right now." With that Rebecca went out of the kitchen.

The months went by and the news of Rebecca's being with child swept through the Albemarle area as quickly as wildfire in the Dismal Swamp. Bash was the mother of Reuben Smithson's child, had lost Reuben, and was now married to Reuben S. Davis. Bash paid no attention to the comments about Rebecca – most of them unkind. Bash, with some sense of family loyalty, was the first to say that if

Cousin Fanny were not such a bitch Cousin Fred wouldn't have left her. And, as for that Seeley no-good (who caused most of the problem), Bash had a string of choice words which won't be repeated here. When others gossiped, Bash was the first to call them "damned meddling old bitches." That was a new twist coming from Bash. Of course Cousin Fanny Davis had her bevy of sympathetic friends. However, the coming war was the really big issue of concern — not Rebecca's pregnancy.

Months passed and, for the second time, "Ant Hattie" delivered Rebecca's second child — Lowry Davis! As handsome a baby as ever was born. Long, blond, blue-eyed — Davis through and through. A good baby and a happy baby — a baby born of love (a baby from whom the writer descends through Lulon Paul Wood).

– Chapter 12 –

Phillip Seeley showed no jealousy of his half-brother, Lowry. He fussed over the baby and doted on his almost white blond curls. With all the attention, Lowry did not spoil easily. It was only when Papa was near that the two half-brothers squabbled for attention. Fred would sit on the floor for hours playing with each boy. When Fred looked at Lowry, he could not help but think, "He is my son!" He held a special love for this love child.

When Lowry was a little over ten years old, Fred joined the local militia to help defend the Outer Banks of North Carolina. That area of sand dunes between the Atlantic Ocean and the Sounds of Currituck, Albemarle, and Croatan. From Cape Henry Lighthouse in Virginia on southward to Boddie Light near Hatteras, that area was vulnerable to the King's warships. Already the port city of Norfolk had been burned and a hard battle fought at Great Bridge in Virginia. That brought the war to less than 30 miles of Elizabeth City's back door.

Then south of Elizabeth City, the Colonial Governor, Samuel Johnston, lived at Hayes near Edenton. It was hard to tell friend from foe in that town on the Albemarle Sound. Yet, there was talk that Joseph Hewes, of Edenton, was up around Philadelphia helping to draft a Declaration of Independence. Even Bash Davis could not keep up with all the intrigue – much less Rebecca.

One afternoon in late summer, Cousin Fred and Rebecca were quietly talking while the boys were resting. They saw a rider approaching on horseback, and couldn't tell who might be coming to see them. Jerico, now old, ambled near to see if trouble was coming. Looking back, it may have been trouble, but no one knew at the time. Old Jerico took the horse and hitched it in the shade near water.

The tall man started toward the porch – he looked familiar. As he approached the steps, he removed his hat. Fred Davis jumped to his feet.

"Sir, you are a welcome sight! I'd heard in Elizabeth City that your ship, *The Gentle Lady*, had been scuttled by the British and that you had perished."

Cousin Fred Davis continued,

"I say, Captain, come in. This calls for a celebration – Becca, you remember Captain Benjamin Pratt, don't you?"

"Goodness yes. How are you, Captain?" She extended her hand and continued,

"Please to be seated, Captain, while I get Ant Ann to bring us a cool glass of scuppernong wine – or would you prefer brandy?"

"Dear Miss Rebecca, you've changed so little – only more beautiful. Either the wine or the brandy will be refreshing."

Rebecca excused herself and found "Ant Ann." The old lady was delighted and brought out decanters of wine, brandy, cool goblets, and a few beaten biscuits stuffed with ham.

"Lawd Gawd, Capt'n Pratt, it sho do me good to see yo' agin. Why, Sir, yo' hair is still dat good lookin' red – ain't a bit o' gray in it – um, um, it sho is good to have yo' back – I'se jes gonna fix'n a room fo' yo'."

"Oh, now, I can't descend on you this way. I can keep the room I have in town until my next voyage. My sloop needs some repairs, and I'll be in port at least six months and maybe longer – providing the Redcoats back off."

Fred, thoughtfully, continued to persuade Captain Pratt,

"Captain, I'm sure you'd be doing us a favor by using one of our rooms. I've joined the Militia, and I do hate to leave Becca here without protection. Her mother and father are both getting along in years. Her brother, Sanford who married Miriam Smithson, is already in the Militia, and her sister is out of the ques-

tion. You remember that hellion, Bash? Well, Sir, she is still a hellion with a child by her first husband, a Smithson, and a child by her second husband, Reuben Smithson Davis. The woman still swears and gossips – no, we can't count on Bash for anything except trouble."

Rebecca agreed that it would be nice to have Captain Pratt stay if he could tolerate two active little boys.

"Miss Rebecca, I like children. So, if you'll excuse me, I shall ride to town and get my sea chest – if you're sure I won't be a bother."

Just then Phillip and Lowry ran out on the porch and looked over the tall red-headed stranger. Suddenly, each boy grabbed a hand and smiled. The Captain had been accepted.

Fred said, "since I need to see Colonel Harris, I'll ride in with you. We'll return in about two hours, Becca."

– Chapter 13 –

And, once again, it came to pass that Rebecca lost Cousin Fred. He left the next morning to join Colonel Harris's group of the Militia for the Outer Banks. Rebecca's heart ached for the one man she had loved since almost 15. The dialogue between them was the same as it has been with parting lovers since the beginning of time.

It was hard, too, for the children – they missed Papa, but within a few weeks they seemed to transfer their feelings to Captain Benjamin Pratt, Jr. He played with them, taught them to ride the pony, and how to fish, crab, and swim in the Pasquotank. He helped Rebecca manage the farm, and he teased "Ant Ann." She adored him.

Bash Davis came to visit. No! Bash Davis came to see if the rumors were right. Was that Captain Pratt living at Rebecca's? With Rebecca? Bash came to the point. She always did.

"Really, Rebecca, you're dumb. Are you sleeping with the man?"

"Bash, one day I'm surely going to drown you in the Pasquotank. Only thing, that river is too nice to mess up with you." Rebecca was almost ready to swear or scratch Bash's eyes out.

"Well, Rebecca, you're a damned fool and a dumb strumpet besides – even if you are my sister. Don't you know people are talking? It was bad enough with Cousin Fred living here and now this! What does that old busybody, Ant Ann, have to say?"

Never far away, "Ant Ann" swished out and said her piece.

"My Gawd Almighty, yo' is more'n a body kin stand. I'm a gonna git me a myrtle switch an tan yo' hide – married or not – I'sc gonna tan it til it turn blue.

Den I'se gonna wash yo' mouth wid lye soap! Yo' Mama an Papa is good folks – but yo'! Why you'se jes a throwback to de Devil hisself."

Glaring, grumbling, "Ant Ann" was as angry as a hornet. Bash decided she'd be smart to leave – immediately. At supper time, "Ant Ann" was still fuming and mumbling.

"What's upset Ant Ann?" Benjamin was amused by the old lady.

"Bash came." Rebecca laughed and gave him a modified version of the visit. Wouldn't do for him to hear the full version.

Later that evening they sat on the porch. The roses were in bloom and a smudge fire kept the bugs away. It was quiet and peaceful even though cannon fire could be heard in the distance. The war was too close.

"Miss Rebecca, I'm going into town tomorrow. Is there anything you need? I hope we're friends enough for you to tell me – I'll always want to help you."

"No, Captain, I can't think of anything except maybe a tiny something for the boys. But I am very tired tonight, and if you will excuse me, I think I shall retire.

Captain Pratt continued to smoke his pipe, listen to the bull frogs sing their serenade, and enjoy the stillness of the night. He'd carried memories of Rebecca with him for many years. Had he not been so intent on getting started with his sailing vessel, and building up a business, he might have married the girl instead of that Yankee Seeley – the scum! To leave her the way he did was the act of a worthless cad. 'Tis a good thing he had left the area, or, the Captain thought, I'd have thrashed him to death.

The quiet night seemed to intensify the Captain's memories of Rebecca and her plight. He supposed Fred Davis had felt an obligation to carry out that arranged marriage, but he'd be damned if he would have done that! Never! Of course both Fred and Rebecca had defied convention, but one could hardly blame them. If it were possible, he'd marry the girl in a minute. That was something to dream about until another day – a day that might never come.

– Chapter 14 –

The next day it rained – almost a Nor'easter. Nevertheless the Captain rode into town and checked on his ship. He managed to find some candy for Phillip and Lowry, and a little locket for Rebecca. For "Ant Ann," he found the biggest red kerchief in Elizabeth City. Then he went to Cahoon's Tavern for news and food. The talk was rampant as some bedraggled men had just returned from the Outer Banks. They had news, but not good news.

"Yes, Sir, we was in a battle and we losted half our men."

"We're here to get more volunteers to hold off the British."

"Yes sir, Captain, I knew Fred Davis – a fine gentleman – he caught a volley of cannon balls and was killed. There was nought left of him, Sir."

With that, Captain Benjamin Pratt, Jr., lost his appetite and dreaded the return trip home. Poor, dear Rebecca. How much more could the girl stand? Hadn't her burden been heavy enough? But, it is not for man to decide these things. Deep in his heart, Benjamin knew Rebecca had a backbone of steel, and she would withstand this heartache. Yet, he dreaded being the one to tell her.

Riding back in the rain, he had time to think. He took time to stop off at Arthur and Bathsheba Davis's home to tell them. Then he decided Bash Davis should know. Benjamin still remembered his first dinner at the Arthur Davis house and hearing Bash scream out, "You damned bitch." Still, the two were sisters and he would detour a few miles and call on Bash and Reuben Davis. Reuben was away which was just as well as Bash was, typically, Bash.

"Well, Captain, now that Cousin Fred is dead, I suppose you'll be taking his place in the bed."

That was Bash – no beating around the bush – if she thought dammit, she said dammit.

"Miss Bash, Rebecca has had a hard life, and I'm deeply fond of her. But, young Miss, I sleep in my own bed not that it is any business of yours – good day."

As Benjamin rode away, Bash half shut her eyes, did some thinking Bash style, and said aloud,

"So you say, Mister, but I'll wager you won't be sleeping alone for very long or I'm not Bash Davis – will Rebecca never learn – she begs for trouble and she's dumb!"

In late afternoon, Benjamin rode up to the house and gave his horse to Jerico – a miserable day. He went inside and shortly thereafter they ate supper. The Captain gave the boys their candy, and "Ant Ann" received her red kerchief – she twirled and cavorted around happy as a lark. Happy until, after supper, Benjamin told her about Fred Davis.

"Oh Gawd, what's dat po' girl gonna do?"

"Don't worry, Ant Ann, I'll look after her as long as I live." Lighting his pipe, he went out on the porch and listened to the soft patter of rain. He was waiting for Rebecca and the hardest part of all. He had to tell her – she had to know.

In time Rebecca joined him on the porch. She went down to inhale the fragrance of the climbing roses. Then she returned to a rocker near Benjamin.

"A beautiful night – soft rain – fresh odors of flowers and being with a dear friend."

"Yes, Miss Rebecca, and I have a little trinket for you, too. I want to put it around your neck as a symbol of our friendship." He stood, showed her the locket, then put it around her neck.

"Captain Benjamin, my dear friend, how lovely and I shall always treasure it. You have been so good to me – and to the boys." Rebecca reached over and covered his hand with hers.

It was then that Benjamin stopped rocking and with emotion said,

"Miss Rebecca, dear, it saddens my heart to make you unhappy. It must be, and I do not know how to do it without grieving you." He paused.

Rebecca, suddenly alert, gripped his hand and knew he'd had news of Fred.

"It's Fred, isn't it? He has been killed."

Benjamin lifted her from the rocker and held her close to him. She put her arms around his neck and sobbed. Benjamin felt sympathy for her, but he also felt something else. He was overcome with emotion as he felt her body next to his. He kissed her.

"My gentle lady, Rebecca, you don't know how I've yearned to hold you, to kiss you, to make you mine."

"Benjamin, it may be wrong, but on this night I need your love. I'm so alone except for you. Will you hold me and keep me close?"

"My sweet lady, I'll never let you go – not in a million years or more."

And so, that night, while the rain beat softly on the roof, Benjamin shared Rebecca's bed. Maybe it was a release from sorrow, but it was a release of love from Benjamin. They were secure in each other's arms. It was thus for many nights – until Rebecca's sorrow flowed into a new kind of love.

– Chapter 15 –

"Ant Ann" kept her counsel, Bash halfway behaved, the boys grew taller, and the war was over. It was October 1781. No longer British Colonies – now a union of states. The State of North Carolina with a state governor, the County of Pasquotank, and the Township of Providence not far from the Dismal Swamp. The birth of a new and independent country.

And, it was close to this date that Rebecca (for the third time) looked at "Ant Ann" and without hesitation stated,

"Ant Ann, Mama and Papa tried, you've tried, but I guess I'm just a hussy. I'm going to have another baby." She put her head down on the table and wept.

Ever one to call on the Almighty, "Ant Ann" simply looked upward and uttered, "Oh Gawd."

Then she came over and patted Rebecca on the head. Her philosophy was basic and logical for this girl she had nurtured and loved for years.

"Lawd Gawd, chile, dis ain't de end o' de world. Yo' pull yo'self together an stop dat cryin' – yo' wants a cryin' baby? – now, Chile, let me recollects a spell."

"Ant Ann" sat down by Rebecca and sipped a little wine (it kept her bones a-moving).

"Let's see, chile, who de father o' dis here baby?"

Rebecca looked up at "Ant Ann" and blubbered again, harder than ever,

"Ant Ann, I don't know."

"Hummm – dat may give us'n a problem. Den, agin it might not. It ain't gonna be too long afore de Cap'n go back to sea. We'll jes call de baby a Davis, but if'n it looks like de Cap'n, we'll give de baby a name wid Pratt in it too.

"See, chile, yo' old Ant Ann kin fix up most messes – an if'n dat Bash gits on to dis, we'll jes have to put her in de Swamp fo' sho."

That settled, "Ant Ann" started thinking about babies again and planning the event.

It didn't take Benjamin too long to see that Rebecca was with child. He strutted around proud as a peacock. He played with Phillip and Lowry but kept thinking the next baby would be his. He had no doubts about it. He hoped it would come before he had to sail again. His baby! His and the gentle lady's.

"Ant Hattie," getting along in years now, packed her bag, and came for Rebecca's third delivery. She brought Rebecca's first girl baby into the world. They officially named her Mary Davis, born in the year of Independence.

Benjamin was still at home on this occasion, and he paced the floor all during the delivery until "Ant Ann" took him by the arm and gave her orders.

"Now, Cap'n, yo' better sit yo'self down an drink dis brandy – yo' ain't do'in nobody no good walkin' de flo', Miss Rebecca kin drop dat baby faster'n a cow – think I be having a sip o' brandy, too."

Rebecca delivered a pretty baby girl with green eyes (even at birth), and a fringe of dark red hair on her head. From that day forth, Mary was called "Poll Pratt." Rebecca had come full circle in her amorous encounters.

"Ant Ann's" reasoning was sound; she'd wisely named the baby. Benjamin Pratt was beside himself with happiness. Why, he'd planned "Poll's" life before she was 24 hours old. Nothing would be good enough for his only child. In the years ahead, Mary "Poll Pratt" Davis was the only heir in Rebecca's will.

Bash came to call, inspect the baby, and create mischief again,

"Told you, sister, what would happen. You never learn, do you? There's no doubt about it – Poll is a Pratt! Any fool can see it."

It must be said, though, that Bash had enough family pride not to discuss the situation in the community. Not that it made any difference – everyone else who saw the child saw the evidence. She was a pretty, sweet baby and grew into a lovely young lady. Green-eyed, auburn hair – she was Captain Benjamin Pratt, Jr., all over – well, almost all over.

— Chapter 16 —

Mama and Papa Arthur Davis died shortly after the turn of the century — the Nineteenth Century. Brother Sanford and Miriam Smithson Davis had great-grandchildren living all over the area. Bash, naturally, was still gathering and dispensing the news.

Rebecca was alone except for "Ant Ann" and occasional visits from Benjamin after long voyages. The Captain had done well with his sailing business, and he provided some security for Rebecca, Poll, and the boys. He deposited a large amount of currency for them in Elizabeth City. His early prediction that the wilderness would grow was right on target. That town on the Pasquotank now had close to 300 people. The water traffic had increased — not booming but growing.

Rebecca heired in Arthur Davis's will — land. Phillip was grown and proficient in making things. Rebecca had seen that her three children had some tutoring by Mr. Lemuel Godfrey from Camden County. When the weather was good, he came over about once a week to teach them the basics. Rebecca had not been so instructed.

Phillip was Seeley; Lowry Davis continued to be Davis in coloring, temperament, and love of the land and sea; Poll could outtide her brothers and was the prettiest girl in the township — perhaps the state. As the children grew to marriage age, it seemed that Benjamin's visits became less frequent. He was sailing into the Caribbean regularly.

Finally, after another long absence, the word came from a Mr. Fulker, a seaman aboard *The Gentle Lady*, that both Captain Benjamin Pratt and his first mate, Francis Morse, had died of smallpox in Jamaica. Another loss — a cruel fate!

Rebecca was deeply saddened, but she had suffered many heartaches. One more seemed to be her lot to bear. Life was not easy — but Rebecca resolved to manage if it killed her. It didn't kill her — she was a tough lady to beat.

"Ant Ann" (goodness, and God, only knew how old she was) kept on running everything and everybody.

"Lawd Gawd, it sho ain't easy an at my age!"

By the time the Nineteenth Century was still young, both Rebecca and "Ant Ann" had managed to get through three weddings. Phillip Seeley married a local Douglas girl (or maybe one of his sons married the Douglas girl) – doesn't matter. He lived nearby. Lowry Davis wed Ann Frew and lived in the Possum Quarter Landing area where they raised more of the Davis clan. "Poll Pratt" pledged her vows to Samuel Davis – she later married Joshua Davis after Samuel died, but Rebecca didn't live to see that. Both Rebecca and "Ant Ann" were tired – their lives had been full.

Rebecca's wheat-colored hair was now snow-white, but her blue, blue eyes were not dimmed. The Davis eyes – Lowry had them, too. Still graceful, she was erect and pleasantly plump. "Ant Ann" used a cane most of the time. Her hair, too, was snow white; but her face was unwrinkled. A big woman who continued to flounce around in her black skirts and bodices. They were a pair, those two rebels!

The question that one was (technically) a slave, and one the owner, never crossed their minds. "Ant Ann" used more authority than Rebecca. "Ant Ann" belonged and took charge. They loved each other deeply, and there was no question of ownership. They never thought about it.

It is doubtful that either understood about slavery – its rights or wrongs – it was the way it was in North Carolina in the early days. Had Rebecca given it a thought – or suggested – freeing "Ant Ann," I suspect I hear her,

"Now yo' listens to me, Missy, I'se jes as free as yo' is an Gawd knows yo' ain't a-gettin' rid o' me – dis here be my home an I runs it. I'se always run it an I'se gonna keep right on. If'n yo' don't like it, dats jes too bad. I stays put! So, hush yo' mouth!"

So much for slavery – at least between Rebecca and "Ant Ann."

– Chapter 17 –

The young girl running up the steps to the wide porch, where the red-climbing rose covered all one end, stopped. Both old ladies were asleep. Her Mama's pretty face had the sweetest smile around her mouth. "Poll" spoke softly so as not to startle them,

"Mama, Ant Ann, are you asleep?" Silly question.

Startled, Rebecca woke up and seemed confused for a minute. Where was she? Who was here? Oh, I've been dreaming – but such a real dream!

"Why, Poll, how good to see you. Guess I was dozing and didn't hear you."

"Ant Ann" looked up and growled,

"Yo' Poll, always a-waking me up from my beauty sleep – yo' ain't changed much – an how be Mr. Samuel?"

"Why he's just fine, Ant Ann, and I had to come by to tell you to save my cradle. I'm so happy I'm going to have a baby – isn't that wonderful?"

Rebecca beamed,

"Beautiful news, Poll, and I'll be proud to rock your baby – another grand-child."

"Lawd Gawd, here we goes agin' – but yo' Poll, I ain't gonna change no mo' babies no matta how much I loves yo'. But, listen good, Missy, don't yo' have another Bash – dats mo' an dis ole body kin take!"

Poll kissed both the old ladies and dashed off to her home with Samuel Davis.

"Oh, Ant Ann, she does look so much like Benjamin – how he would love to see her now. And, Antie, I've just had the strangest dream. It was almost like living my life all over again – just the way it was. You, Antie, have been so much a part of me and my life I can't imagine our not being together."

With her usual candid, down-to-earth way, "Ant Ann" slowly extracted herself from her rocker. She picked up her cane and gave the order,

"Good Lawd Almighty, chile, all we'uns gotta do now is wait fo' Poll's baby. Den, jes to be ready, we'uns gonna polish our'n golden slippers – but den, I reckons we'uns ain't got no golden slippers. I'se sho we'uns gonna have to hep St. Peter open dem pearly gates fo' us. Den, Honey, we's gonna keep on havin' us a heavenly time. Now ain't dat a fact! Why we'uns will be bound to get dem organized – I'se gonna git us a sip of de brandy fo' our bones."

Chuckling, she slowly hobbled inside the house, and Rebecca smiled at "Ant Ann" and the world around her.

In the name of God, in Providence Township, in North Carolina – Amen!

Epilogue

Close this story gently – don't disturb my Davis people.

By telling Rebecca's story, I hope she came alive for you – without righteous judgment; without prejudice; and without ridicule.

My fourth great-grandmother will forgive me for sharing her secrets. She knows her spirit dwells in many of us who descend from her. "Ant Ann" might not be so generous

"Lawd Gawd, after more'n 200 years, yo' sounds jes like dat Bash – a-gossiping 'bout things dat ain't none o' yo' business. Gawd, I sho wishes I could wash yo' mouth wid lye soap."

In the Commonwealth of Virginia

17 July 1988

Some 200+ years later.

SANFORD DAVIS – HIS GREEK CONNECTION



Charles Davis
(father of Sophia Davis Wood)



Martha Jane Saunders/Sanders —
mother of Sophia

— Chapter 1 —

Captain Thomas Smithson, and his wife Mary, packed their essential possessions aboard *The Voyager*. It was not easy with a young child and their cat. The Captain was about 30, Mary about 25, and little Mary about three — Cat was of questionable age and background. This was farewell to England and anticipation for a better life in the New Country. It was 1718, the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.

The Captain had a sturdy ship and a competent crew of mates. He carried as much goods as could be stowed aboard to trade in the Colonies. He had been to the Colony of North Carolina once before — to the Harbor of Elizabeth City near the mouth of the Pasquotank River. Along the Carolina coast there were long sounds which could provide shelter from the storms of the Atlantic Ocean. From the southern bounds of the territory was the Pamlico Sound, which flowed into the Albemarle Sound, on up to Elizabeth City. There were many seaport villages along the way — Wilmington, New Bern, Port of Raleigh (Edenton), and north of Elizabeth City the Currituck Sound flowed almost into the port City of Norfolk in Virginia.

Yes, Elizabeth City would be a good place. He already had a friend there, Captain Arthur Davis who owned *The Lady Luck*. Captain Davis had told him,

"Captain Smithson, if you decide to join us, I can promise that you'll be cordially welcomed. There is much land, and I think your family will do well here. There are a few Indians, but they are friendly for the most part."

On the right tide, they set sail and left Liverpool. Mary and the little girl stayed on deck and waved goodbye. Mary had a strange twinge of sadness — but in

her heart, she knew they were embarking on a journey to carry them to a better way of life. The child, Mary, of course, was excited by the adventure and the ship.

Little Mary had a hemp rope tied around her waist, to serve as a leash, should she venture too close to the dangerous edge of the ship. The sea was gentle, the first watch on duty, and the first mate stood at the helm. Captain Smithson joined his family as the lights of Liverpool faded into the distance.

"Aye, my dear family, a good start on this clear night. I think, perhaps, we should proceed to our bunks and try to rest."

He picked up little Mary and helped his wife across the deck. The seas were not heavy, but the constant rolling of the ship seemed to bother his wife. Mary did not yet have her "sea-legs." Climbing down the ladder, they went below deck to their tiny quarters. There were four bunks – no longer than five feet in length, one built over the other, and only a piece of cloth to serve as a door. Privacy was impossible. Opposite the bunks, a narrow space for what luggage they had, and a slop jar. The crew had less spacious quarters. The air was not plentiful, fresh, or good. No one, unless a child, could extend to full length in the bunks. After the deck, this was a hell hole – a stinking hell hole.

Mary put the little girl in the second bunk, and she stayed in the lower one – the captain took the topmost one. Mary kept thinking, "Can I tolerate this for three to four months?" Finally, she slept a restless sleep. Below deck, the ship's motion was strong – it rolled, creaked, and pitched.

Cat slept somewhere – no one knew where.

— Chapter 2 —

For the next two weeks, *The Voyager* ploughed through swelling seas under clear skies. The crew made a rough pen for the Captain's family. Mary had a safe space for the child to play, and she had kettles for washing their clothing. The crew fixed another kettle for preparing simple meals. The ship's cook prepared the bulk of their diet which was primarily starches — the fruit and green vegetables had not lasted long.

The Voyager had brought a cow aboard, so young Mary had fresh milk and fresh air. Oh, the fresh air, tinged with salt spray, gave life to them after sleeping in those awful quarters below deck. Cat had long since found good hunting in the hinterlands of the ship's hold. Cat didn't have to be fed — she rapidly became a sea-going cat. A fat cat!

Mary listened to the sounds of the ship — the watch atop the mast yelling with his Cockney accent,

"Eight bells and all is well," or

"Ahoy, mates, there blows a whale to starboard, south by southeast," or

"Squall ahead, mates, batten the hatches — squall to the northeast — port side."

Captain Smithson spent as much time with his family as he could, but his main job was getting his ship across the Atlantic. One day, watching Mary, he commented,

"Madam, how are you managing this lovely crossing? The child seems to be thriving and getting high color in her cheeks — but you, my dear, do not seem to be yourself. What is wrong?"

"Oh, Captain, have we done the right thing? I am frightened. It scares me when I cannot see a speck of land anywhere – nothing but water. And this ship, Sir, does it ever stop groaning, pitching, and rolling? I can eat little food, and I must admit I've been sick daily. I fear I shall never last until we reach the Colony of North Carolina – I am mortally afraid."

"My dear Mary, don't talk like that. You'll get used to sea life soon – I promise! And you, young lass, seem to have a taste for the sea life."

The months went by without the hazards of a bad storm. A few squalls came, but nothing like a storm when the glass dropped to tell of a real blow. Still Mary could not find her sea-legs or any love of ship life; her enthusiasm waned, and she waned. She lost weight and no longer ate much. Finally, one blessed day, Mary heard the watch call out,

"Ahoy, there is land to the Southwest – land ahoy!"

Weakened as she was, Mary stood clutching the rail for support. She looked to the distant horizon for land – it was a mere dot. Mary sank to her knees and prayed,

"Thank God, land! Blessed land! Is it the Colony of North Carolina? Please, dear father in heaven, let it be."

Captain Smithson overheard Mary's prayer and his heart went out to his young wife. After greeting his child fondly, he commented to Mary,

"No, my dear, the land ahead is not North Carolina. It is an island in the Caribbean, and I believe it is Jamaica.

"We'll make port, get fresh water and fruit, and give you a chance to walk on solid land again. From Jamaica we'll follow close to the coast of the New Country all the way up to Elizabeth City.

"But, Madam, in Jamaica don't venture far from the ship – the natives are not what you're accustomed to – you may not understand them."

– Chapter 3 –

In Jamaica, Cat was the first off the ship to look over the situation. It didn't take any time for Cat to meet a Jamaican welcoming committee of one – a gorgeous, regal, black dock cat called "Tomingo." Nature took its course, and when Cat arrived in North Carolina, she brought with her nine kittens – meowing in Cockney and Jamaican. So much for cats!

As for the Captain's family, Mary was the only one who really enjoyed being on solid ground. Even though little Mary laughed at the natives carrying big bunches of fruit on their heads, at their singing and dancing, she was happier on board ship. Reluctantly, Mary climbed back aboard ship thinking about Liverpool. The ship's crew found the grog shops with the noted rum – even Captain Smithson joined them for a tankard or two. The next morning they set sail for the Florida coast. That was the territory of the Spaniards and under their control. There was supposed to be a "Fountain of Youth" there.

Mary Smithson couldn't worry about a "Fountain of Youth." She admitted to herself that she did not have the pioneering spirit. She missed Liverpool with all of her being. She hated life aboard ship – a sailor she was not. Mary did try to be a good wife and mother, but she was drained physically and emotionally. During the next month of sailing, the weather was perfect. Yet, it was totally wasted on Mary. She declined by the day. The Captain, concerned about his wife's health, went to her with what he hoped was good news,

"My dear, we are nearing the southernmost bounds of the Colony of North Carolina. It won't be long before we'll be home."

"I pray it is soon, Captain, for I cannot last much longer. I have grown thin, and I can never stop this horrible sickness. How, Sir, can you stand being aboard ship so much – how can you stand being a sea captain?"

"Madam, some of us are born to the sea – we are as lost on the land as some are lost and miserable at sea. Aye, my dear, the sea allows a man to breathe; to fight the elements, to taste adventures, to be himself – to be a better person. I think I am of that nature.

"I may own land and plant a crop, but I shall always have to return to the sea – to restore my soul."

And, in a couple of weeks or so, the mate on watch yelled,

"Ahoy there, easy as she goes. To the West by Northwest lies the Harbor of Elizabeth City – home, me lads."

As a special treat to little Mary, the mate came down the mast and carried her up top to see her new home.

— Chapter 4 —

The Voyager was docked, the cargo moved to a storage warehouse, the ship scoured inside and out, and Captain Smithson arranged for his family to have rooms at Cahoon's Inn and Tavern. Cat came along with her litter of Jamaican kittens. Mary Smithson was almost too weak to function, but someone at Cahoon's knew of a young girl who could help her — Lulu. Lulu told little Mary to call her "Ant Lulu." She was competent to help, and the Captain went about his business. A captain's business involved many details and tasks.

As though the Fates were smiling, Captain Smithson literally bumped into Captain Arthur Davis within two days. It was a good reunion with good news for the Smithsons. Near Arthur Davis, there was a small house which could be used now with room for expansion. Captain Davis could also find six workers for the fields and one or two more for building and enlarging the house. A Godsend! The family who had owned the land had decided to move to Kentucky.

Thomas Smithson would need stock, equipment, supplies, and to meet his new neighbors. After looking at the place, he bought the 150 acres from Joshua Markham, found his other needed items, and moved his family into the house. "Ant Lulu" came with them. They were home in North Carolina, near Possum Quarter Landing.

"Ant Lulu" was put in charge of the house, with two helpers, because Mary Smithson was feeble from the long sea voyage. Even though the wilderness did not pitch, groan, and roll as did the ship, Mary was homesick for England. In her heart, she knew they were better to be in this New Country — but that didn't stop her yearning for home — for England.

Workmen commenced work to enlarge the house, crops were planted, live-stock and fowl provided most of the necessities for living. The child adapted to her new home with the abandon of childhood. Cat hunted and taught her litter of nine the arts of the hunt. Cat was no longer a pet for the family – Cat was a pioneer.

Thomas Smithson stayed in port for several months. He watched over Mary, sold his cargo, took orders for his next voyage, and watched his fields give forth their first crops. He fished in the Pasquotank and both he and Mary were made welcome by the neighbors – the Davis family, the Woods, and the Pritchards. Mrs. Davis, Bathsheba, was especially protective of Mary Smithson and the young child.

Among others to settle not too far away were several members of Smithson's crew – Fulker, Coans, Forster (Foster), Sawyer, and Wharton. They would join him on another trip, but they wanted roots here in this new territory. In time they married, built homes, and would meld in the wilderness community. The spirit of the settling of the New Country.

In spite of it all, Mary Smithson wasted away until one day she breathed no more. She was the first one put in what was to become known as "The Smithson Burying Ground." Mary was the beginning, and that cemetery continues even unto this day approaching the Twenty-first Century – a bit north of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Maybe not a pioneer spirit, but a pioneer in her own way.

So, Thomas Smithson, Captain of *The Voyager*, was saddened. He felt guilty about Mary's sea voyage that surely took her life. After arranging his affairs, he left young Mary in the care of "Ant Lulu" and Bathsheba Davis. Then he gathered his crew, took one of Cat's cats, and left Elizabeth City for a long, long voyage that was to change his life once more. It would also bring a change into the Colony of North Carolina – a change that would last as long as time.

— Chapter 5 —

It would be laborious to detail *The Voyager's* route plying its cargo, loading different cargo, docking in new harbors to unload and load again. This is not the ship's log. Moving slowly, from port to port, was a different pattern of sailing for Captain Smithson. He was restoring his soul and his deep sadness. There was a change in the Captain — his crew noticed that he was more compassionate and less vocal when things were not to his liking. He was every inch the Captain, but a mellowed and good man. A respected man.

The Voyager followed the inside course down to the islands of the Caribbean, on across to the west coast of Africa and the ports there. Captain Smithson was not interested in hauling slaves — he'd leave that to those New England ships. The Captain was interested in cargo that was in demand without the loss of human dignity. To him, slavery was an indignation. He felt this even though he owned slaves back in North Carolina to run his farm. At least he had not hauled his slaves to the New Country — that burden was not his. In Carolina, there was no other source of labor available.

The ship stopped at the Canary Islands and then again in Madeira. Captain Smithson was not fluent in the many languages and dialects he encountered, but sea captains always managed to communicate sufficiently well in the commerce of trade. There was almost a universal language among them. He made a notation in the ship's log to stop again in Madeira on his return voyage to get some of their beautiful linens for trade at home.

Rather than sail to England, the crew agreed with the Captain that it would be better to venture toward Central Europe and the eastern countries by way of

Gibraltar and the Mediterranean Sea – but first Tangiers. And what a marketplace that was with its sweltering sea of people begging for business and intrigue. Hugging close to the coast of Spain, *The Voyager* found trade agreeable as it made its way to the ports of Valencia and Barcelona. Finally, the ship put into the Port of Marseilles. Aye, that was a true port. It was here that Captain Smithson decided to have some repairs made to his ship and sails. They had been away from Carolina about a year now, and the ship had to be maintained to provide safe passage for many more months to come. It is quite possible that Cat's cat added a French litter of kittens although no record was made of it in the ship's log.

From Marseilles, it was a short sail to Genoa. For purposes of simplification, Genoa and Naples will be listed as Italian. In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, Italy was either under the rule of the French, the Spaniards, the Austrians, the Papal States, or the House of Savoy. This was true of most of Central Europe – wars without end – the conquests never ceased until much later. Even that statement is debatable. From Naples down to Messina and Reggio, they sailed and thence onward in an easterly direction to Greece. No one knows why they avoided the Adriatic – but they did.

– Chapter 6 –

Greece – that small spot in the Mediterranean, bounded by any number of small bays, seas, and mountains, had had to turn to the sea for survival. No, that is not truly true but close. Greece had long been, since before the time of Christ, a prize. Earlier in the hands of the Romans, now in the hands of the Ottoman Turks! They were the major empires to fight for her soil – not to mention the Greek wars among themselves – Sparta and Athens. Greek ravished Greek and was ravished.

The Voyager sailed around the southern coast, turned northward on the Aegean Sea to the Port of Athens – Athens, the scholarly city. They docked and looked about them. So many Turks, not at all friendly; and a few Greeks who seemed to want to know the strange-looking Carolinians but couldn't communicate.

Captain Smithson and his First Mate Wharton were looking for the Dock Master when they noticed a group of young Greek girls being whipped in line with a cat-of-nine tails. The girls were chained together by heavy metal ankle bands – they were crying. Scantily dressed, the sight of the girls made Thomas Smithson furious. Then the Captain heard, softly spoken in English,

"Swine, bloody swine, someday you will suffer for this treachery."

A Greek speaking English! Captain Smithson turned to the man and introduced himself and his First Mate Wharton. The Greek was the Dock Master. He explained,

"There, Captain, go some of our lovely young girls – Greek girls – to be sold in the slave markets in Constantinople. Those foul-smelling Turks come regularly and either kill or take our youth! Those poor girls will be sold to weave in the Sultan's Royal Rug Weaving factories near Constantinople, to work as servants, or to be put in brothels. The Turks are a savage lot whether it be under one Sultan or another – I hate them." He spat!

Captain Smithson was equally disturbed and wondered,

"Where, Dock Master, is the slave market in Constantinople? And can I go there safely?"

"Sir, if you propose to trade, or buy, some of their carpets, you will be safe. The slave market is almost on the docks. What do you propose to do, Captain?"

The First Mate almost fainted as he heard the Captain reply,

"I propose, Sir, to get some Turkish money, to buy some of those hand-woven carpets, and to buy me a Greek slave girl."

The Dock Master shook his head in disbelief.

"And what, Captain Smithson, do you propose to do with a Greek slave girl?"

Captain Smithson smiled and explained,

"Dock Master, I am a widower with a young child back in the Colony of North Carolina in the New Country. If I can learn a few words of Greek; if she can learn a few words of English; if she seems suitable; then, Sir, I plan to marry this Greek slave girl."

"Aye, Captain, then I shall help you. It will be better for one of our Greek girls to go with you to the New Country, as a wife, than to be left with those miserable Turks – the filthy scum.

"I'll change money for you, advise you about the Turkish carpets – which they call Persian – and teach you a few words of Greek."

And so it was that *The Voyager* sailed northeastward up the Aegean Sea, to the Sea or Marmora, and into Constantinople. A different world – a million worlds apart from the wilderness of Carolina or England for that matter. The Captain and crew somehow made it known they wanted to buy carpets, a few pieces of artwork, and icons. Notwithstanding the language barrier, they managed to trade.

When the ship was loaded, Captain Thomas Smithson decided it was time to go to the slave market for the sale of the Greek slave girls.

– Chapter 7 –

For support, or defense, most of the crew of *The Voyager* went with Captain Smithson to the sale. It was disgusting to see slender young Greek girls whipped into the area – still bound by chains and scantily dressed. One by one, they were pulled to the block by a bald, greasy, hairy-chested man in baggy pants. Most of the spectators laughed and made obscene signs or gestures.

Then one young girl was pushed forward and given the whip to hurry her along. She would have been pretty but for the fright, sorrow, and dirt on her face. She leaned down to pick up a tiny kitten in front of her. She received another lash for her care of the kitten. Even so, the girl held on to the kitten – clutching it to her almost exposed breasts. Captain Smithson knew she was the one! He bid, and bought the girl and the kitten – a miserable Turkish kitten that probably had Turkish fleas! Once he'd paid for her, he grabbed her arm and half pulled her toward the ship – the crew behind him.

Better get aboard *The Voyager* and try to talk to her later after they had left Constantinople. Poor girl, terror filled her eyes.

The ship sailed immediately, and as they had done a few years ago, a hemp leash was tied around the girl's waist. She was so frightened it was hard to tell what she might do. The Captain and crew may have frightened her as much as the Turks although they tried to show kindness. Once under sail, the First Mate brought milk for the kitten – he placed it on the deck near the girl. To the crew's horror, the girl grabbed the bowl and started to drink it herself. Someone brought her a tankard of milk and put the bowl down for the kitten – with more milk. She said something that sounded like,

"EHVKHAHREESTO POIEE" – which they didn't understand at all. She had, for the first time, shown a glimpse of a smile.

Because she was dirty and cut from the lashings, Captain Smithson decided he would try (by body language) to get her to bathe and take care of her wounds. He fetched a bowl with water, soap, a cloth, some salve, a brush for her hair, and clean clothes borrowed from the smallest mate aboard – and a tarpaulin rigged to shield her from sight.

It had to be funny to watch Captain Smithson's "body language" as to the taking of a bath. He pointed to the soap, water, and cloth. Then he pretended to scrub himself – then he picked up the salve and pretended to rub it on cut places. The brush he pointed to his hair and then hers. The clean clothes he pointed to her and tried to indicate she was to take off her dirty clothing. Then he repeated the entire procedure once again to make sure she understood. When he started to repeat it a third time, he noticed the Greek girl started to giggle. Prudently, he left her.

The Captain must have omitted something because the watch atop the mast, still with his Cockney accent, yelled,

"Ahoy, Mates, on the starboard side, there drifts a lot of dirty clothes into the sea – gone forever."

Refreshed and clean, the slave girl seemed to be less frightened. The kitten seemed content, and one by one, the crew came by with little pieces of fruit or food to tempt the girl. Each time she gave that strange sounding phrase, "EHVKHAHREESTO POIEE" – not that they'd ever be able to say it, but it must mean "Thank you" or "Thank you very much." The crew tried to point to themselves and say their names – the girl would reply,

"DHEHN KAHTAHLAHEHNO." Then she'd shake her head.

And so it went until they entered Athens again. The crew seemed to feel as protective of this girl as the Captain. Once again the hemp rope was secured

around the girl's waist for two reasons. The Turks might try to steal her again, or she might try to escape the ship for her home where she'd be lost to the Turks once more.

Captain Smithson consulted the Dock Master, again, and had him shop for several outfits of suitable clothing for the girl. Then the Dock Master came aboard ship and gave each a short lesson in understanding. Enough so that the Captain and the girl could begin to communicate. The Dock Master explained to the girl, in Greek, about where she was going – that it was more important for her to learn English than for the Captain to learn Greek. He explained about the child and the marriage to the Captain when they returned to the New Country. The girl seemed agreeable; the kitten seemed agreeable; and on the advice of the Dock Master, *The Voyager* set sail immediately.

– Chapter 8 –

She was (and still is) called Anne, the Greek Slave Girl. Once out of Athens, the hemp leash was removed and she moved freely about the ship. She was intent on learning to speak English and she did. It must be admitted that there was a trace of Cockney accent in her speech, but who cared! She was a lovable girl and tried to help with everything except climbing the tall mast to the crow's nest.

Down the Aegean Sea to the Mediterranean Sea they sailed. Then, *The Voyager* sailed along the northern coast of Africa until they reached Tripoli and docked for a few days. Anne went hand-in-hand with the Captain to the bazaars, and it was a delight to watch her. The girl was rather short, very slender, black curly hair cut short, laughing dark eyes, and clear olive complexion. With her new Greek costumes she loved to "dress up." She was possibly twenty years the Captain's junior.

Thomas Smithson had to admit he had fallen under the spell of this Anne. He could not help remembering Mary's hatred of the sea and how Anne loved it. In Tripoli, he bought her a pair of hammered gold earrings. He also bought keepsakes for little Mary, and the others back in North Carolina. Aboard ship Cat's cat and the Turkish kitten had become fast friends – they hunted below deck and kept the ship free of rodents. But imagine – a Jamaican cat and a Turkish cat!

From Tripoli to Bizerte, on to Algiers, Oran, and through Gibraltar to Madeira. In almost every port, the Captain found something to give Anne. In Madeira, they bought a good supply of linens, freshened the water, replenished the food supplies, and started the long sail home.

"Oh, Anne, what a good sailor you are! It's as if you thrive being aboard ship."

"Aye, Captain, I love the sea. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were either fishermen or seamen. I lived in a little village on the coastal plains far from Athens. That is where the Turks found me — how do you say it? All in my family were killed except me. One of the leaders said I was to go to Turkey —

"It was too horrible, too cruel. That is how you found me in Constantinople in the slave market. I shall always be thankful you bought me and saved me from that place."

"Oh, my dear Anne, I hope you will like this wilderness in the New Country. It may not be easy for you, but I hope we can make a good life together — have a family of our own."

Onward *The Voyager* sailed — and sailed — and sailed. The Captain and crew had been away more than two years now. They were getting eager to be home. Why, little Mary must be six or seven? He could barely remember her or his place near Possum Quarter Landing.

Then they were in Jamaica. Anne was quite fascinated with the colorful abandon of the place; but Anne, too, was eager to sail.

— Chapter 9 —

From Jamaica, north to northwest, *The Voyager* cut through the Atlantic Ocean to follow along the Territory of Florida. Many times Anne could be seen watching the horizon for glimpses of land. She was eager to see as much of this New Country as she could — it was to be her country. How strange that seemed when Greece had always been her home. Now, Greece would be her heritage, North America her home. Anne was not homesick — just thoughtful.

"My dear Anne, we shall stop briefly in Charleston. That is in the Colony of South Carolina. There is likely to be a good market for some of those Persian carpets as there are many people there with elaborate homes."

"Yes, Captain, that sounds good; and I shall step foot on the soil of the New Country for the first time."

The short stop in Charleston was a valuable one in commerce. Not only some of the Persian carpets sold, but also many pieces of artwork. There is no proof, but it is believed that some of those treasures remain in Charleston to this day.

The Voyager set sail again and made its way up the coast to Wilmington in the Colony of North Carolina. It was here that Anne first touched foot on North Carolina soil. Childlike, she picked up a handful of the sandy soil and cried out,

"My land — soil of my land — look!"

The Captain smiled at her enthusiasm and pleasure. She had become the darling of the entire crew. No one ever had more loyal supporters — their dedication and devotion to her did not end with the journey. As long as she lived, and they lived, the feeling remained. Perhaps they looked at Anne and remembered the

beaten slave girl; perhaps they looked at Anne and recognized her genuine quality of character; or perhaps she brought out the best in each of them.

Captain Thomas Smithson suddenly remembered that he owned slaves in Elizabeth City, and he owned Anne. She, too, was a slave girl. He had best be explaining (or trying to) the situation to Anne. As soon as they were in port, he'd find a parson of some description to marry them. If necessary, Captain Arthur Davis could marry them — he couldn't very well marry himself. But, he figured, some explaining was needed.

Sitting on deck that evening with Anne, he made the attempt,

"Anne, this will be hard for you to understand, I'm sure. In this New Country we have slaves — many were stolen from their homes in Africa — many were sold by their own people. They were brought to the colonies for labor and for the wealth of New England merchants.

"Most of them are cared for and treated well with a place to live and food to eat. Some, of course, are treated badly from what I've heard. Personally, I do not know of any in my part of North Carolina who are ill treated. I tell you this, Anne, because the people who plant my crops and help me are slaves. I left one in charge of my daughter, Mary. Most of the males are called 'Uncle' while most of the females are called 'Ant.'"

Thomas Smithson continued,

"Anne, they tend to tell us what to do and what not to do — it is a different system here. I doubt that the system will last forever, but it does exist now. You will be expected to call Lulu, 'Ant Lulu,' and give her a loose rein. Do you understand any of this, Anne?"

"Captain, I think I understand your words. I think I've always known there was slavery — from the beginning of time. I do not understand, though, how 'Ant Lulu' and the others will accept me, knowing I am also a slave."

"Oh but Anne, my dear girl, as soon as we get to Elizabeth City we shall wed without delay. You'll be Mrs. Smithson to everyone. 'Tis true some rumors will get out that you are – or were – a slave girl, but it doesn't matter. You'll be mistress of my home and mother of my children – any more questions?"

Smiling and clasping the Captain's hand, Anne replied with a twinkle in her eyes,

"And Captain, Sir, how many little children do you see in my future?" Laughing, she continued,

"Just think – they'll have an English father, a Greek mother, and be born North Carolinians – a dozen, maybe?"

With that she retired, the Captain pondered the question, and *The Voyager* sailed on closer to Elizabeth City and a parson.

– Chapter 10 –

The next morning the mate high in the crow's nest sounded the words that were music to all on board,

"Ahoy, there, easy as she goes – to the West by Northwest lies the Harbor of Elizabeth City – home me lads and lassie."

In her prettiest Greek costume, Anne jumped up and down as though she was ten years old. Pretty as a picture, the girl was so excited she occasionally lapsed into her native Greek. The Captain was adamant about her staying aboard ship until he found a parson. He was determined that, when she went ashore, she would be Mrs. Thomas Smithson.

While the crew unloaded cargo in the warehouse, others started the swabdown of the ship – *The Voyager* had covered many, many miles. Then before too long, Captain Smithson was back with a parson – a Parson Earls. Now, the Parson Earls was from Edenton but happened to be in Elizabeth City for some fishing – the man loved to fish as much as save souls.

Since no one could spell Anne's surname (they could barely spell English names, much less Greek), it went down in the records as "Captain Thomas Smithson and Anne, the Greek slave girl" – forever and ever. Married aboard *The Voyager*, in the Harbor of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, sometime near 1724.

Captain and Mrs. Smithson, in their new buggy, had their luggage inside and were ready to leave the dock when they heard a call,

"I say, Captain Smithson, wait up a minute."

It was Arthur Davis who had just seen Parson Earls. Running up, out of breath, he shook hands and beamed at the couple.

"This is a pleasant surprise – I saw Parson Earls and he told me the good news. The good Parson is now in Cahoon's Tavern broadcasting the word – they'll probably hear it in Possum Quarter Landing before you get there. It's a great day when a marriage keeps Parson Earls from fishing!

"And Captain, little Mary is getting to be quite grown up – a nice child, and your crops have done well. My best wishes to the two of you; and we shall have a welcoming party for you soon."

In reply, both Anne and Thomas thanked him and bid him good day. Then they traveled from the docks out a narrow street called Road Street until they crossed Knobbs Creek. From there the way was called the South Mills Turnpike. Not much of a road, but it had to do in those days. They had to travel some five miles to get to the Possum Quarter Landing area and Thomas Smithson's homeplace. When they approached the Arthur Davis place, the Captain thought he saw Bathsheba outside with a child – it could be little Mary.

"Anne, I must stop here for a minute, do you mind?"

"Of course not – everything here is so green and lush I can't believe it."

As the approaching buggy came closer, Bathsheba Davis looked up. Then she recognized the driver and called little Mary near.

"Why Captain Smithson, what a surprise to see you again. And who is this pretty young miss with you? Come, Mary, your Papa's back."

"Mrs. Davis, Mam, this is my bride Anne – isn't she pretty?"

While Thomas Smithson was being hugged and kissed by young Mary, Mrs. Davis took Anne's hand and said

"Please come inside, my dear, I'm so happy you've come to live in our wilderness – and Thomas and Mary need you. You're wearing such a pretty frock, and do I detect a different accent?"

"Yes, Mrs. Davis, I am Greek; and I'm wearing what you would call a Greek dress. I'm not very good speaking English yet, but I'm learning. It is so exciting being here, and I would come in but the Captain is anxious to get home."

"Of course I understand; but I insist on keeping Mary a day or two until you settle in. Then we shall have a welcoming party for you and Captain Smithson."

Anne smiled, thanked her, and turned to the little girl Thomas Smithson held up beside the buggy. Anne and Mary looked closely at each other for about a second — suddenly Mary smiled and reached out her arms for a hug and a kiss. A good beginning.

Shortly thereafter the Smithsons drove away. They traveled another few miles down the South Mills Turnpike to a small lane off to the right. It was a lane hardly more than a horsepath — such was the wilderness in those days. Another mile and Thomas Smithson was spellbound; he couldn't believe his eyes. The fields, grounds, and house were impressive. The enlarged house really fronted on the Pasquotank River. But he knew there was a long hall running through the house from back to front — to enable visitors to use the entrance facing the driveway. He looked at Anne to see how she reacted to the scene.

And react she did,

"Is this yours, Captain, truly yours? Why you must be rich to own all this! In Greece, only the noblemen could afford such a place — pinch me, Captain, I must be dreaming."

Relieved, Thomas assured her he was not rich. He was a sea captain and a simple farmer with simple needs. As the Captain stopped the horse and buggy, "Uncle John" came up.

"Why Cap'n Smithson, it sho be good to has yo' back home — I'se been a'missin' yo' — I'se gonna bring yo' bags in directly."

Looking up at Anne, the old man grinned a toothless grin,

"N' Cap'n, some'n tells me yo' is got yo'self a new wife – praise de Lawd!" And chuckling, he muttered,

"N' 'bout time – dats a fact."

Up on the steps stood "Ant Lulu" also grinning from ear to ear.

"Lawd-a-mercy, Cap'n, yo' is finally come home. Dis place has been a-missin' yo'. An dis pretty little Missy musts be yo' new wife – honey, I sho is glad to have yo' here, We'uns has needed a mistress o' dis place. Dats fo' sho'.

Although Anne had difficulty following the southern Negro dialect, she knew she had been welcomed in a heartfelt way. Problem was, thought Anne, English is hard enough – what if I start talking the way they do?

– Chapter 11 –

Anne was overwhelmed by the space in the house and all the rooms. It was beyond her realm of understanding – her life in Greece had been on a much smaller scale. It seemed to her that she was living in a castle; but, of course, she was not by any stretch of the imagination. On more than one occasion, Anne thought aloud,

"Why, in Greece, many families would be happy to share one of these cabins for a home – I cannot believe it – and they call this a wilderness."

Being an intelligent girl, Anne knew her Greek clothing would not endure the day-in-day-out mode of dress near Possum Quarter Landing. She found some material, sewing items, and proceeded to stitch herself a North Carolina style dress. At least she stitched until "Ant Lulu" saw her.

"Lawd-a-mercy, Missy, yo' ain't supposed to be do'in de likes o' dat. Why we's got old 'Ant Tara' to do de stitchin' fo' all us'ns – yo' jes do yo' fancy needlework."

Anne really wondered what she was supposed to do! She'd stuck her head in the big kitchen to help with the meals, and she'd been firmly told by "Ant Cloc" to,

"Jes leaves de cookin' fo' us'n, honey, we'uns can't have yo' messin' 'round dis kitchen – it ain't fittin'."

When Mary came home from the Arthur Davis family – and it was more than a day or two – Anne really enjoyed the child. They learned some songs and dances together (some of them Greek), and together they planted a small flower garden in "The Smithson Burying Ground." With Mary, Anne had a good relationship, and it wasn't long before Mary called her Mama.

People came to call – some out of curiosity because Anne was the first Greek in the area. Some came because word had spread that she had been a slave girl. For

whatever reason they came, not one departed without being impressed by Anne's natural charm; and her grasp of the language was unique with its blend of Liver-poollese, Cockney, Negro dialect, North Carolinian, and an occasional word in Greek.

True to their word, the Arthur Davis family gave a welcoming party for the Smithsons. They invited more people than Anne could possibly remember. There was a barbecue which was another new food for Anne – the dear girl had tasted so many new and different tasting foods it was hard to remember them. She enjoyed most of the foods except some awful-tasting thing "Ant Cloe" called "chittlings." But, then, the Captain didn't like them either; "Ant Cloe" removed them from the menu. Anne did miss the olive trees of her native country.

Before the party, Bathsheba Davis had made one request,

"Please, Anne, wear that pretty Greek dress you wore the first time I saw you. Then, my dear, if the fiddlers can get a tune close enough, will you honor us with a Greek dance? It would be so nice for the people of Possum Quarter Landing to see."

So, on the appointed day, Captain Smithson and his bride rode to the Davis home. It was a festive occasion. Anne did a Greek dance, and she was truly the belle of the ball. Thomas was more than proud. He loved his beautiful young bride who was a Mama to his daughter. He was a happy man and a prosperous one.

In a few weeks, Thomas had to make a short journey with his ship. He still had those two cats on *The Voyager*. That Jamaican and Turkish cat. On the farm, Cat continued to hunt but regularly with different litters. Still, there were no pet cats around.

Anne missed the Captain while he was at sea, but it was just as well he was away because she was sick. She was going to have their first child. It was "Ant Lulu" who told her to engage "Ant Kit" for the delivery and month's confinement. Month's

confinement? Just what did "Ant Lulu" mean? Back in Greece, a woman had her baby and in no time was back working in the vineyards or doing whatever she did. But Anne knew she was in the Colony of North Carolina, in her New Country, and she'd have to have this baby in the manner of the local customs. So, Anne sent for "Ant Kit" to come see her. The woman came, looked her over, and stated,

"Yo' looks healthy, Missy, 'n I'se gonna brung yo' baby in dis world wid no problems — now yo is gonna needs a few baby things which'n I'se gonna see dat dat old 'Ant Tara' a stitches fo' yo'. I'se a-gonna see dat yo' stays off'n yo' feet fo' a long time after dat baby comes 'n I don't aim to take no sass from nobody — dat's a fact."

Well, thought Anne, maybe I can make a little bonnet or something with my needlework. I can make pretty things, and I'm going to make something for my baby! The closest Anne ever came to losing her temper!

When Captain Smithson returned from his sailing trip, it was almost time for Anne to have their first baby. What a shock it was for the Captain to return to Possum Quarter Landing and find Anne almost due to deliver.

"Oh, my dear Anne, I have left you too long; are you feeling well?"

"Yes, Captain, I am heavy with child but well and happy."

– Chapter 12 –

Whether it was written in the stars, the heavens, the annals of the Acropolis, or by God's love will be left to the judgment of the reader.

When Captain Thomas Smithson, late of England, married Anne the Greek slave girl, they begat a family possessing a new bloodline in the Colony of North Carolina near Possum Quarter Landing and Elizabeth City. While there is no statistical proof, it is felt that their marriage was both unique and singular. How many slave owners married a slave? Slept with them as concubines, yes! But marry one? If the reader has ever heard of another such case in that area – let it be known!

With the help of "Ant Kit," Anne delivered first a girl named Tamer who lived to marry a John Norris. Next came the son, John, born in April around 1729. He married a Dolly Sawyer. John was followed by Joshua who died before reaching manhood. In due time came Joseph, who later wed a girl named Elizabeth. And then was born the girl, Miriam. Posterity is deeply concerned with Miriam, as she later married Sanford Davis, the oldest child of Arthur and Bathsheba Davis. More will be written of Miriam and Sanford Davis as the web of relationships is spun. Thomas and Anne Smithson had two more children – Dorcas died young, and Susanna, who later married Ebenezer Sawyer.

Not quite a dozen, but Captain Thomas Smithson and Anne did well. "Ant Kit" delivered each of the babies and each time she had to struggle to keep Anne in proper confinement. After the last baby, "Ant Kit" threw up her hands, shook her head, and told Anne,

"Go on den, Missy, git out o' de bed befo' yo' time is up – you'se been a-sneakin' out o' de bed early since de first-est one I brung in de world. It sho ain't natural, Missy, but I guess it ain't hurt yo' – I gives up – I sho God do."

The good Captain was staying home for longer periods of time these days. He bought additional acres, added another wing on his house, and enjoyed his family. He made short sailing trips, but never for long periods. The Smithsons were good pioneers and good neighbors. They were a happy couple and watched "Little Mary" become the wife of Jeremiah Murden.

The years went by, as they do, and Thomas Smithson and Arthur Davis watched their families grow and form their own close relationships. Thomas saw the love grow between Sanford Davis and his own Miriam. As he looked at his children, he couldn't help smiling. Each child could have been placed in Athens and looked no different from the other Greeks. They wore Anne's heritage on their faces – beautiful.

"Aye, Thomas Smithson, it was a lucky day for you when you found Anne."

Captain Thomas Smithson, owner of *The Voyager* and sailor of the seven seas, lived to find his utopia in the Colony of North Carolina – near Possum Quarter Landing. He lived to be close to 100, as did Captain Arthur Davis. The sea-going life had agreed with them. But, just before Sanford Davis and Miriam Smithson wed, Captain Thomas Smithson was put to rest in that family plot which held the remains of his first wife. He was at peace.

Without prolonging the sad times, it seems important to state that Anne, the Greek slave girl, managed well with the help of her workers, her friends, and her beloved children. Without vanity, Anne thought that every one of her children carried the Greek look. They were not tall in statue but lithe with curly black hair, dark eyes, and clear olive-colored skin. First generation! And, twelve or more generations later, some Smithsons of that area have the same look – a study in genetics!

– Chapter 13 –

As the spider weaves an intricate web, so did the families of Davis and Smithson weave an intricate web of relationships that commenced with that first generation. Earlier it was mentioned that Sanford Davis and Miriam Smithson would wed – shortly before the War for Independence (the American Revolution). Their marriage was a love marriage. It pleased both families, but it was not an arranged marriage. The second generation began – tall, blond, blue-eyed Sanford Davis and petite, dark curly haired, dark-eyed, Miriam Smithson. They had a zest for living. They were born in and of the area. Another Davis household was started in the Possum Quarter Landing area.

Sanford and Miriam started to produce the next generation. Naturally, Sanford's and Miriam's brothers and sisters also produced progeny – they are the lateral descendants and this paper is not primarily concerned with them. So let it be said that Sanford and Miriam gave forth progeny from close to the Day of Independence on up to almost the turn of the century – the Nineteenth Century.

Of course, Anne, the Greek slave girl, didn't live to that date, but she did live to see grandchildren, and she loved them dearly. Anne was finally put to rest in "The Smithson Burying Ground" about 1780. No one is really sure of the date, God rest her good soul. This is supposed to be about Sanford and Miriam Davis, but there is a strong compulsion to note something about Anne Smithson's funeral.

Her funeral was the largest funeral ever seen in the area of Possum Quarter Landing or Elizabeth City. Those members of *The Voyager* who were still alive and able, came and wept openly. Friends came, and still came, until they had to leave their transportation on the South Mills Turnpike. The Smithson and Davis helpers

(slaves) formed a chorus – singing spirituals, old African funeral chants, humming along as the pastor read the scripture – their resonant voices blended in symphony. A beautiful tribute to a beautiful lady. Forgive, as this is written, a tear rolls down for Anne – it is time to return to Sanford and Miriam Smithson Davis.

From those two came Edmund who lived to marry Hannah Wharton (one of the four Wharton sisters). In sequence came John, Johnson, and William Davis to be followed by Reuben Smithson Davis. Pause here for a moment – note that Reuben Smithson Davis had two wives and will be discussed later for the next generation or two. He is very important to the writer because the writer descends from him through Charles Davis, father of Sophia Davis, who married Lulon Paul Wood. After Reuben came Abel, then Adam Davis who married Martha (Patsy) Sykes whose grandmother was the daughter of Spence and Polly Wood of Possum Quarter Landing. Finally there came a girl who was named Miriam.

With all those sons, it could be said that Sanford and Miriam Smithson Davis did well. The melding of Davis and Smithson was spreading deep into the wilderness of North Carolina. The web grew bigger and closer. By no means have all of this second generation been detailed – merely those that seem to relate to the issue involved. That issue being direct lines of descent.

Let it be noted that "Ant Kit," after the last delivery, made her announcement,

"I'se a Davis, I'se always been a Davis; but young'uns, I'se done gittin' anymo' Davis babies borned; des jes too many Davis chillun a-comin' in dis ole world; now as yo' has yo'self a girl baby, I sho hopes yo' quits too."

And they did.

– Chapter 14 –

Back to the third generation. This came by one son of Sanford and Miriam Smithson Davis. Of course their other children reproduced, but to go into all of that would take much too long. You are reminded that this is concerned with direct lines of descent. The son of those two being Reuben Smithson Davis. That is the one we're concerned about. Well, Reuben married twice and it gets involved.

First, Reuben Smithson Davis married a Wilson girl whose parents owned Wilson's Dunghill. They had two daughters – Susan married William Davis (that sage is in Bathsheba, "Bash's" story). Then they had Elizabeth "Betsy" who later married twice. Betsy became the wife of Thomas Davis (son of Willis) and then the second wife of Joshua Davis. By Thomas Davis, "Betsy" had Wilson Davis; and by Joshua Davis she had Charles Davis, born in 1840. Charles Davis married Martha Jane Sanders (Saunders), Charles and Martha Jane begat five children among whom was Sophia Davis who later married her distant cousin, Lulon Paul Wood. From that union many more came – including the writer.

Next, Reuben Smithson Davis married a widow by the name of Bathsheba Davis Smithson. She was widow of Reuben Smithson, son of John Smithson, Jr. This Bathsheba, called "Bash," was the youngest daughter of Arthur and Bathsheba Davis. Sanford Davis was Reuben Smithson Davis's father. You've got it – he married his aunt. But that is another story.

The web grows on and on. To look at it is to get dizzy, confused, and frustrated. The facts remain – it was the truth back then in the Elizabeth City area of North Carolina, and the truth remains today.

– Chapter 15 –

Knowing what to omit, how much to include, has created problems. This writing holds more truths than fiction, and truth is often stranger than fiction. It has been an attempt to show the relationship between two families – Arthur and Bathsheba Davis; Thomas and Anne Smithson. English and Greek – North Carolinians. A relationship that shows only the "tip of the iceberg." Between the progeny of those two families could come dozens of stories – this has not been an attempt to include each one.

Between the three children of Arthur and Bathsheba Davis, and the seven Smithson children of Thomas and Anne come a multitude of descendants. Today, approaching the Twenty-first Century, there remains more than a hundred direct descendants living in Pasquotank County in the State of North Carolina. That doesn't include the direct descendants who live from Coast to Coast and Border to Border.

In a sense, the Davis-Smithson families became the Genesis of Pasquotank County. They begat and begat and begat. Without them, the area would have perished. Without Anne, the Greek slave girl, that area would have lost a treasured heritage.

For all who share this heritage, Amen!

– *Epilogue* –

Once again, close this story gently – don't disturb my Smithson-Davis people.

By telling their story, I hope you felt the presence of the Smithson-Davis families. If you did experience their spirits, you met many of my multi-great-grandparents, multi-great aunts and uncles – plus a wagon load of cousins.

Among the lot of them, I especially wanted you to meet and know Anne, the Greek slave girl. A special lady. From the shores of Greece, this captured slave girl was born of Olympian peaks. She came and sprinkled stardust over Possum Quarter Landing, Providence Township, Pasquotank County, and over the State of North Carolina.

Today, the stardust remains in the eyes of the youth and adults who proudly claim her kinship.

In the Commonwealth of Virginia

25 July 1988

Some 200+ years later

"BASH" DAVIS – ONE OF A KIND



Miles Davis



*Mary Louise "Puss" Davis—
sister of Elizabeth "Bett" Davis*



Thomas Wood and his wife Helen''

– Chapter 1 –

"Now let's get this straight from the beginning. There has been about enough – more than enough – written about me! Written by that snooping niece and cousin, three or four times removed, enough – dammit! Thank God she's not one of my great-great-great-granddaughters. If I counted half relationships – maybe – but I don't count those where she's concerned.

"I'll tell her, and I'll tell you, if anybody writes my story – I'll be the one to do it. You'll hear what I want you to hear and no more. Understand? That's the way I am; always have been; and always will be most likely.

"I'm Bash, or that is what most folks call me when they can't think of anything worse. That bothers me not one tiny bit. Bash is short for Bathsheba, and I'm a Davis. Papa named me after my Mama, and I'm supposed to look like her. Suppose I do. My hair is dark brown, wavy, and I'm medium in size – nothing to brag about one way or the other. Of course I do have those Davis blue eyes and dimples. Papa, Captain Arthur Davis, was partial to Rebecca and Mama spoiled me – so, I've heard some folks say. I never noticed it if I was spoiled. Seemed to me I used my head to get what I wanted.

"It was my lot to be the baby of the family, and I'll tell you a fact – I was the smartest. That's not boasting – it's the Gospel Truth. I always knew what was going on around Possum Quarter Landing, Pasquotank County, and Elizabeth City. How I knew is my business. If I hadn't made it my business, I wouldn't have known half of what was going on – doesn't that make me smart?

"Now my sister, Rebecca, was a pretty girl but God knows she was too dumb to breathe. Why, if I had had the bad luck to marry Jeremiah Seeley, the old bastard, I'd have taught him a thing or two. And long before he up and left these parts for Rhode Island – there's nothing like a cast iron skillet for teaching a fool man. If he'd left me, I'd have tracked him down before he was half way to Norfolk – sure I would. With my bare hands I'd have choked and dumped him in a patch of quicksand in the Dismal Swamp. Not because I really wanted him – just on principle.

"The smartest thing my brother, Sanford, ever did was marry Miriam Smithson. They did a good job populating the countryside. Being younger, I was never around Sanford much when we were growing up. I don't like to think about my other brother, Arthur, Jr. Junior, when he was about 11 or 12, went deer hunting with Papa – he was so excited about it. They were using bows and arrows and were on an old horsepath not far from home. Junior dashed out in front of Papa – just when Papa shot his arrow. Nothing could be done for Junior – and Papa was never the same after that. I guess none of us were quite the same.

"Being young was fun most of the time. Fishing and swimming in the Pasquotank, climbing trees, pestering Rebecca and that mealy-mouth Cousin Fred, and driving 'Ant Ann' plumb crazy. That was dandy. 'Ant Ann' would get so mad with me. She was always getting out her myrtle switch – and damn, that switch could sting! More than once that old bitch put blisters on my legs. Even today, I can't stand the sight of lye soap. 'Ant Ann' washed my mouth with that mess so many times I've lost count; trying to make me talk like a lady! Never did any good – I still cuss and swear. If that offends you, stop reading or go to hell – makes no difference to me.

"But one thing 'Ant Ann' could never figure out – as smart as the old woman was. She never knew how I could go in the river and keep those blasted petticoats

(all six of them) dry. Oh ho, she never knew I took off everything but my camisole and drawers — that was funny. Well, it was funny to me.

"To this day I wish I knew who invented petticoats, and who said there must be six of them. They could drive a person as silly as a hound dog with fleas. If I'd ever met that person, he'd have met the fate I'd have given Jeremiah Seeley. 'Ant Ann' always said ladies wore them; and she'd see that I'd be a lady if it killed her — God knows I almost did. 'Ant Ann' didn't cotton to me, and I surely didn't cotton to her. I got on better with the field hands. They'd let me ride the mule, or a horse, if nobody was around. I didn't need a saddle, I rode bareback.

"Doing fancy needlework! Me? Bash Davis do that? Piecing quilts? That was being a lady? Well, who wanted to be a prissy, dainty, lady-like copy of Rebecca? Ughhh — not Bash Davis — and nobody was going to make me do it.

"Even Mama told me I had to start piecing and making quilts for when I got married. She said it was especially important that I make my wedding quilt. The custom was for the bride to bring a bunch of quilts — about 12 — plus her wedding quilt to her new home! God, does that make any sense to you? It didn't to me. Can you picture me spending hours making those stupid little stitches? For a wedding quilt? Be damned if I would. Why if I had to have a husband, I'd let the old fool get cold before I'd piece a quilt for him — and that's the Gospel Truth!

"As I think back, you know I married twice in my life. Both husbands were widowers — and I haven't made a quilt to this day. Told you I was smart!"

— *Chapter 2* —

"Since I'm supposed to be writing my story, I expect I'd better tell you how I felt about living in that wilderness near Possum Quarter Landing. I didn't like it one bit. It would have been so much better if Mama and Papa had lived in a city — up in Norfolk, Wilmington, or Philadelphia — someplace with lots of people. Elizabeth City was just a stupid village, and the Possum Quarter Landing section was so country it was absolutely maddening. And everybody was related. God, how we were related!

"Funny how I should remember the day Papa brought Jeremiah Seeley and Captain Benjamin Pratt, Jr., to the house. That was the day Rebecca stomped my foot and slapped me. Hurt! Naturally, I called her a damned bitch. Wouldn't have mattered to me if the king had been there. Of course, sweet Rebecca wasn't punished and I was. At least they thought sending me to my room was punishment — what they didn't know was that Mama's favorite apple tree was outside my bedroom window and gave me my escape route. I'm pretty sure 'Ant Ann' and Rebecca knew about that but they couldn't do much about it.

"Old Jeremiah Seeley married Rebecca and then left the girl to manage as best she could. She had one son by him. Then, right or wrong, Cousin Fred Davis and Captain Benjamin Pratt both left the seeds of their bodies in Rebecca. Poor Rebecca with no more sense than a gosling. Those children are now grown, married, and having babies of their own. Phillip Seeley seems nice enough, but he's bound to have bad blood — unless the Davis blood can offset it. As for Poll Pratt,

she is pretty and the image of her father. Then there is the child by Cousin Fred — Lowry Davis. Oh well, enough must have been written about Lowry — and that's enough of that for you — this is supposed to be my story!

"Damned if I wouldn't like to take a dip in the Pasquotank. Better not at my age — probably break a leg. Hate to admit it, but I'm not too young any more.

"Let me get on with my story — such as it is. No, I'm not going to spend time talking about my houses. I've had two of them because — like I've said — I've had two husbands. Such as they were. I really didn't want any, but Mama and Papa made such a fuss about the whole stinking thing that I finally gave in. I decided to marry the first old goat. You see, if I'd lived in a city, I could have met somebody who wasn't a rotten cousin. But no, I was stuck here — I had no druthers. Honest-to-God, I've never swooned once over any man; don't expect I ever will now. Might have been fun though.

"If you've heard about Mama and Papa's home, and the Smithson place (that is the Captain who married the Greek girl), then you've just about seen the type. Except, of course, the Pirate's place down off Brickhouse Road. We didn't call it Brickhouse Road back then, but it was between Possum Quarter Landing and Elizabeth City. No way am I going to tell you the Pirate's name. I'm not even going to tell you if it was 'Bluebeard' or 'Blackbeard.' Both of those pirates operated out of this general area from what I've heard. That's a fact. Our Pirate, the one who had his house on the Pasquotank River off Brickhouse Road, had a hidden passageway built so he could sail inside part of his house. That way nobody could catch him with plunder. Well, that's what everyone said. He was one smart man. Wish I could have met him. But, even Bash Davis couldn't arrange that. Dammit. Some of these good people in the Possum Quarter Landing area had dealings with the Pirate. I know that cause I heard Papa talking with one of the Woods about it. Some land was bought, or sold, with Spanish-milled money! Now where else would they get

Spanish-milled money except through the Pirate? I asked Papa about that once and he almost exploded. He yelled for 'Ant Ann' to teach me my place! Imagine!

"And, speaking about our Pirate, it was rumored that he and the Colonial Governor, Samuel Johnston in Edenton, were in cahoots. That figured, didn't it? Told you I was smart and used my head! Old Samuel Johnston was a character – but that's another story.

"About my houses – they were adequate. Both were fairly near the river. As far as helpers – thank God Papa gave 'Ant Ann' to Rebecca. I had lots of helpers, but none that I let boss me. No thank you. I suppose 'Ant Sukie' was the closest one to being a friend. You know, she is still with me and tries – to this day – to baby me! At my age – hellfire! She means well, but it surely tries my patience.

– Chapter 3 –

"It's probably time to start the confusion about my first marriage. Not that it was a marriage made in heaven. It was just made to avoid trouble with Mama and Papa. You remember that I mentioned that my brother, Sanford, married Miriam Smithson? Well, Miriam's oldest brother was John Smithson who married Dolly Sawyer. Their oldest son was Reuben Smithson. Reuben was about seven years older than I and had lost his first wife (almost a bride). He had no children, praise be, or I wouldn't have married him no matter what Mama and Papa said. That's the God's Truth.

"Now try to keep on track, dammit. This bores the hell out of me, but someone did insist on my story. So, Reuben Smithson and I married, for better or worse, and had one child. I always said one was enough! We named the boy William. Well, William was a cute little boy as far as children go – he had the look of his Greek grandmother, Anne Smithson. Are you still listening? William, our child, grew up and married my niece, Susan Davis. You'd better remember that my brother, Sanford, had a bunch of children by Miriam Smithson Davis. Among those children was Reuben Smithson Davis who married a Wilson girl and they had two girls – Susan and Elizabeth 'Betsy.' Follow that? Then my son, William, married Susan and they had a son called Davis Smithson – my grandson.

"I say my grandson, instead of our grandson, because Reuben Smithson died somewhere along the way and I've forgotten when. Isn't that awful? Can't be helped. Reuben and I were never that close. We got along in a peaceful, dull way. No need to beat around the bush about it.

"But some of you are still mulling it around in your thick heads; I can just about hear you! If Susan Davis was my niece, and she married my son – weren't they kin? You're damned right they were kin – cousins. But buck up my curious friends – the worst is yet to come. Expect you'll be horrified, knocked off your feet, and flop on your behinds. I would say your butts – but that's not ladylike, is it? And God knows I'm supposed to be a lady (if it kills me)."

– Chapter 4 –

"I have to keep repeating this so you can keep on track. Me? I'm about to go to sleep – I know my life's story all too well. I will try to stay awake cause I don't want you to hear about me somewhere else. Remember, I've told you several times that my brother, Sanford, and his wife Miriam, had a bunch of children. I've mentioned that they had Reuben Smithson Davis. I believe I've already told you his first marriage was to a Wilson girl of Wilson's Dunghill – that's a hell of a thing, her folks owned a dunghill! But a living is a living I suppose. I've also told you that they had Susan Davis who married my son, William – fine. They also had the girl, Elizabeth 'Betsy', who by her second husband Joshua Davis, had a son named Charles. All of which puts that woman, who tried to write my story, in a direct line with Reuben Smithson Davis, 'Betsy', and so on. By marriage that woman is about a fourth great-granddaughter – I'll still stick with niece and cousin – God help me, having to tolerate so many kinfolks has been a troublesome thing – especially when they're nosey about my life.

"And so I married, for the second time, Reuben Smithson Davis. At least I didn't have to remember what to call him – two Reubens! Reuben is not a pretty name, but those two Reubens weren't so pretty either. Both carried the Greek look, but I must admit they were decent to me. Expect they knew I'd swat them over the head if they weren't. Hellfire, I can't help it if I have spirit.

"I've given you enough time to think about it. And ponder it. And frown. And say 'But that's not done'. You probably figure I've lost my wits and am senile. No, not yet have I reached that stage. I may have trouble climbing an apple tree, but I

know what's going on. So, back to Reuben Smithson Davis. Whether you like it or not, it's really none of your business.

"Yes, I married my nephew. I was maybe eight or nine years older than he, and I figured it was no worse than Rebecca having those two bastard children. So shut up! You didn't have to live in that wilderness and get stuck with the same old family. Expect you might have done the same thing.

"Our place was not far from my old homeplace – near Possum Quarter Landing and the Pasquotank River. I still live there. Anyway, time passed and Reuben Smithson Davis and I had a girl baby. I'd given both Reubens a child and that was it – no more and that was Gospel. We named this girl baby Mary. For God's sake don't confuse our Mary with Rebecca's Mary, who was called Poll Pratt. Those girls were cousins; and if you wanted to get technical, you could get another relationship – just stop with cousins.

"If I wanted to have sport with you, I'd tell you both of those girls named Mary Davis married Davis men. I'll just let that damned character, who was going to write my story before I stopped her, tell you that kettle of dried herring. I'm sure she has all the information tucked away some place. God, she makes me angry!

"Well, our Mary who was not a bad looking girl, grew up to marry George Davis. Now George was the son of Willis Davis – best as I recall – there were so damn many Davis people. Willis Davis had several brothers – Thomas, Samuel, and Isaac. Poll Pratt (Rebecca's girl) married Samuel the first time. Oh, yes, we Davis women kept on getting married once we got in the habit. But have you heard about 'Granny Frew'? Tickles me.

"Granny Frew was the daughter of one of the four Wharton sisters – the one who married William Winberry. She was christened, which I doubt, Sidney Winberry. Sidney, who became known as 'Granny Frew', was married three times – to three different Isaacs. First to Isaac Davis – she buried him. Then to Isaac Sawyer

— she buried him. Finally to Isaac Frew — and she buried him! There is no evidence of foul play and none is suggested. It must be assumed that old Isaac Frew was a brave man. So much for 'Granny Frew'.

"In this writing of my life, I do wander about a bit — the main point here is that when our Mary married George Davis, she gave us three granddaughters. They named one after me and that was a miserable label to put on a baby — Bathsheba — God! The old fools at the County Clerk's Office couldn't even spell it. The next one they named Frances — that would do. And the last one was dubbed Sophronia — where in the hell they found that name I'll never know. But those three children became known forever as 'Bash, Fan, and Froan'. True!"

— Chapter 5 —

"Here I am pretty much by myself these days. I can't remember how long the last Reuben has been dead, or even Mama and Papa. The years just go by. 'Ant Sukie' is still with me and trying to make me behave. But, by damn, I'm not complaining except when I want to take a dip in the old Pasquotank River.

"I do wonder, every now and then, how my life would have changed had I lived in a city. How my life would have changed had I ever had a romantic lover. How my life might have changed had I ever met that Pirate. Why Bash Davis, you're thinking like a silly old fool! You've got to remember who you are. Nothing and nobody keeps you down for long — there's always tomorrow and that's Gospel.

"Dammit, Ant Sukie, go get us some worms and the poles and let's go fishing. Those speckles are sure to be biting. I say, old woman, get a hustle on — I'm in one hell of a hurry."

In the name of the Almighty, Amen.

— *Epilogue* —

Slam this story shut! My people in the Possum Quarter Landing area, in the Township of Providence, Pasquotank County, North Carolina, have been disturbed enough. Sweep their bones back in the closets; and let them rattle no more.

Think of my people as pioneers, planters, sea captains, and friendly folks with a few hellions among them. They multiplied, prospered, suffered, and endured. Just think about them when you have the time.

In the Commonwealth of Virginia

26 July 1988

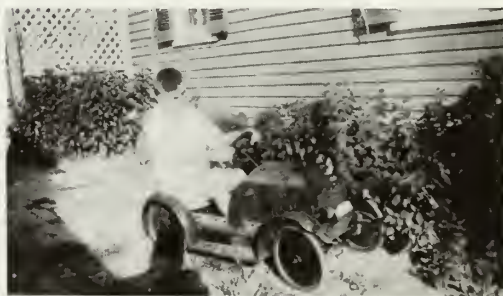
Some 200+ years later and in the twelfth generation



*Beech tree planted by
Thomas Jarvis Wood — West Neck, VA*



Charles Sawyer's grave — West Neck, VA.



Charles Weldon "Bill" Sawyer



Home place at West Neck, VA — grave of "Little Charlie" beside it

PART V

A GROUP OF TRANSCRIPTIONS



John Wood and his wife Hellon. John the son of Lulon Paul and Sophia D. Wood.



Goldie and Herman Bartee in Florida.



Goldie ca 1920.

Will of John Wood (WB-M, p. 79, Elizabeth City, NC, probated March 1803)

In the name of God Amen. I, John Wood, of the State of North Carolina and Pasquotank County, being very sick in body but of perfect sound memory, knowing that God has appointed for all men once to die do make and ordain this my last will and testament. First of all I recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it and my body to be decently buried in Christian burial, my will and desire is for as much of my property to be sold as will pay all my just debts.

Item: I give and bequeath to my well beloved wife Nancy Wood, one feather bed, and furniture, two cows and calves, two sows and pigs, ten barrels of flour.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving son Joseph the East end of my plantation, the line being bounded as I marked the line myself.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving son William Wood the NW part of my land joining the land that formally belonged to John Cook of Pritchard land and one horse.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving son James O'Kelley Wood the SW part of my land joining Joseph Wood's part and along a line of marked trees to the first station and one horse named Tom, and one feather bed and furniture. If my son James O'Kelley Wood should die without a lawful heir of his body, the above land to be equally divided between Joseph and William Wood.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving daughter Suzannah Wood, one feather bed and furniture, one beaufort safe and one chest.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving daughter Elizabeth Spence, one feather bed and furniture.

Item: Also again I give and bequeath to my well beloved wife all my property that is not before mentioned as long as she remains my widow and no longer. And then to be divided the one-half to my daughter Suzannah and the other one-half between my daughter Elizabeth and all the children she now bear and may have at the time of the division, share and share alike.

Item: I therefore nominate and appoint my loving son Joseph Wood and my loving son William Wood to be my whole and sole executors to this my last will and testament revoking all former will or wills by me made and acknowledge this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 18th day of February 1803.

(signed by his own hand)

Will of Joseph Wood (WB-M, p. 359) – probated December 1822, Elizabeth City, NC

In the name of God Amen. I, Joseph Wood, of the State of North Carolina and County of Pasquotank being sick and in low state of health but thanks be to God I have perfect sense and understanding and wish to dispose of my worldly estate in the following manner:

That is to say first of all I give my wife, Sally Wood, my white horse and riding chair, and one bed and furniture, and the Beaufat, furniture, and one shirt, and one linen wheel and my Negro man, Toney.

Item Two: I give to my son William Wood half of the plantation I now live on divided by a lane beginning on Malachi Smithson's line, and running across to Miles Smithson's line; and William to have half the house stands on and also half of the swamp I bought of John Smithson that is the half adjoining the land.

Item Three: I give to my son Spence Wood the other half of this plantation and the other half of the swamp that is the half adjoining Possum Quarter Landing and 13 acres of the land I bought of Willis Davis and Enoch Winberry beginning at Isaac and Archibald Frew's Corner and running down to a line so as to contain 13 acres.

Item Four: I give to my son John Wood the remainder part of the tract of land and piece I bought of Willis Davis adjoining of it, together with the piece I bought of Andrew Halstead.

Item Five: I now leave the land I bought of Asa McCoy and the small piece I bought of Jno. Halstead, 25 acres more or less, with all my chattels and movable property to be sold and I give to my daughters, Mary Wood, and Elizabeth Wood, Polly Wood and Sally Wood, and Partheny Wood, all \$30 each. Thereafter paying my just debts, I wish the balance of my estate to be equally divided among all my daughters say Nanny Whitehurst, Susannah McPherson, and Mary Wood, Elizabeth Wood, Polly Wood, Sally Wood, and Partheny Wood. This I make and ordain to be my Last Will and Testament and do appoint my wife Sally Wood, Elliott Whitehurst, and Alson McPherson as my executors to it this 22nd day of November 1822.

(signed by his own hand)

Dissent to Joseph Wood's Will – Civil Action File X-2633, December 1822, Written in her own handwriting:

To Worshipfull Justices of Court Aforesaid:

The petition of Sarah Wood respectfully shewith that her late husband, Joseph Wood, died sometime in November 1822, after having duly made and published his last will and testament, which has been proved in due form of law at this term of the Worshipfull Court by Elliott Whitehurst, one of the executors thereof that the said Sarah came before the Court this term and caused for her dissent to the said will of her said husband, Joseph to be signified, made, or entered. She further shewith that her said husband, Joseph, was at the time of his death, received and possessed in fact of three tracts of land lying and being in County and State aforesaid. One tract adjoining lands of Malachi Smithson and Miles Smithson and others containing 100 acres more or less and one other tract adjoining the lands of Isaac Frew and others, containing 50 acres more or less; and that her said husband was possessed of a considerable personal estate consisting of slaves, stock, etc. Your petitioner, therefore, prays your worships that her dower may be allotted to her in said lands of her husband for which purpose she prays that your worships order the Sheriff of this County to summon a jury of good and lawful men to allot and set off to her dower the said lands agreeable to law in such cases made and provided. Your petitioner

further prays, that she may have her part and proportion of her husband's personal estate allotted and set off to her by the said Jury agreeable to law, etc. The petitioner further sheweth that said Joseph Wood left Nancy Whitehurst, wife of Elliott Whitehurst, Mary Wood of lawful age, Betsey Wood, Susanna McPherson, wife of Alson McPherson, Polly Wood, Sally Wood, Thomas Wood, and John, Spence, and William Wood, infants under age of 21 years, Elliott Whitehurst, his executor to his last will and testament; she therefore prays that a copy of this notice may be issued to the said heirs and executor to show cause, if any they should have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted and that your Worships do whatever else is just and right in the premises.

Note: She got her dowry.

Will of Spence Wood – probated 25 July 1883, Elizabeth City, NC (WB-C, page 182)

Be it remembered that I, Spence Wood, of the County of Pasquotank, and state aforesaid now in the enjoyment of health and of sane mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this paper writing to be and contain my last will and testament, in manner following to wit:

First: it is my will and desire that my beloved wife, Polly, shall have, hold, and enjoy, the sole and benefit of my homestead farm up to a fence between that part of said farm now cultivated by my son William E. Wood, and the lands I cultivate, also the Freu (Frew) land and across the road in front of my said son William E. Wood, and all my household and kitchen furniture, crops, stock, land, provisions and farming implements of all kinds for and during her life.

Second: I give and bequeath to my wife Polly after the payment of all my debts and burial expenses, all money and notes found on the land at my death.

Third: I give and bequeath to my grandson, Joshua Judson Davis, my land actually lying and being in the County of Camden, N.C., containing 70 acres, more or less, known as the Sexton Land, adjoining the lands of Zeb Williams, the Thornton

heir and the McCoy land. And, I hereby appoint my son William E. Wood testamentary guardian of my said grandson during his minority, to him and his heirs and assigns forever.

Fourth: I give and bequeath to my daughter Margaret, now Margaret Perry, wife of Henry Perry, to her and her heirs and assigns forever, the Thomas White land recently purchased by me, adjoining the land of Joshua Davis, the lands of the heirs of Wesley Perry, dec'd and others, containing 55 acres more or less, Also one (1) note which I hold of my son William E. Wood for two hundred and fifty (\$250) dollars and interest on the same from January 1877 unless the said note is paid before my death, in which case he shall pay over to her said sum.

Fifth: I give and bequeath to my son William E. Wood all the residue of my real property, including the lands loaned my wife (after her death) to have and to hold the same to him the said William E. Wood, his heirs and assigns in fee simple forever.

Sixth: I nominate and appoint my wife Polly and my son William E. Wood executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I, the said Spence Wood, have hereunto set my hand and seal this the 28th day of September A.D. 1881.

(signed by his own hand)

Will of William Elliott Wood – probated 15 February 1927, Elizabeth City, NC (WB-Q, pp. 590-592)

I, W.E. Wood, of the aforesaid county and state, being of sound mind but considering the uncertainty of my earthly existence, do make and declare this my last will and testament:

Item first: It is my will and desire that my executrix hereinafter named, shall give my body decent burial, suitable to her wishes, and pay all funeral expenses.

Item second: It is my will and desire that my executrix shall collect all debts owing me and all choses in action, and sell and dispose of my personal property, and it is my will that she shall pay all my just debts out of the first monies, which may come into her hands belonging to my estate.

Item third: I give and devise unto my beloved wife, Elizabeth Wood, for and during the term of her natural life the following lands, consisting of two tracts described as follows:

1st tract: a certain tract of highland, bounded on the N by the lands of G. W. Ward and the lands known as "the Joshua Davis or Davis Lands," now owned by the wife of W. A. Jones; on the E by the swamp known as "the Miles Whitehurst Swamp" and "the Elliott Wood Swamp," on the S by the land known as "the Mapp or Culpepper Land" and on the W by the land conveyed by said W. E. Wood to Abner Saunders, being the Home Farm of said W. E. Wood containing 60 acres, more or less.

2nd tract: a certain tract of swamp land beginning at the NE corner of the tract described above and running northwardly along G. W. Ward's line to a cypress stump on the Pasquotank River at the old O'possum Quarter Landing, thence southeastwardly along the said Pasquotank River to a gum in the line of Miles Whitehurst thence south westwardly along the line of said Miles Whitehurst to the line of the tract first described herein and thence northwestwardly along said first tract to the place of the beginning containing 123 acres, more or less, and known as "the W. E. Wood Swamp."

Item fourth: After the death of my said wife, Elizabeth Wood, I give and devise unto my children, L. P. Wood, E. Hicks Murden, Maggie E. Springer, John D. Wood, and my granddaughter, Pearl Smithson, the said two tracts of land, in fee simple, share and share alike, except to the share of my son, John D. Wood, whose interest shall hereinafter appear.

Item fifth: I give and devise unto the said L. P. Wood, E. Hicks Murden, Maggie E. Springer, John D. Wood, and Pearl Smithson, in fee simple, the tract of land

which lies out on the Main Road, upon which Weldon Moseley has been living for the past several years, share and share alike, except as to the share of my son, John D. Wood, whose interest shall hereinafter appear.

Item sixth: After my debts are paid, the balance of my personal property and proceeds therefrom, whatever amount there may be, I give and bequeath one-third thereof to my beloved wife, Elizabeth, and the other two-thirds said personal property I give and bequeath unto these other five, L. P. Wood, E. Hicks Murden, Maggie E. Springer, John D. Wood, and Pearl Smithson, equally, share and share alike, except as to John D. Wood, whose interest shall hereinafter appear.

Item seventh: A few years ago, I advanced to my son, John D. Wood, the sum of three hundred dollars (\$300) for the purpose of buying him a home and starting him in life. It is my will and desire that the said three hundred dollars shall be accounted for by him in the distribution of my personal property and also in the division of the said lands hereintofore described; that is to say, when the personal property shall be distributed, or the land shall be divided, the amount of three hundred dollars shall be deducted from his share and added to the shares of the others.

Item eighth: the residue of my estate, if there be any not heretofore devised, shall be equally divided between my said wife, Elizabeth, and L. P. Wood, E. Hicks Murden, Maggie E. Springer, John D. Wood, and Pearl Smithson. The said John D. Wood accounting for the three hundred dollars (\$300), if he shall not have already done so, as hereinbefore set forth in Items 4, 5, and 6.

Item ninth: I hereby nominate and appoint my beloved wife, Elizabeth Wood, executrix of this my last will and testament; hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments heretofore by me made.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this the fifth day of February 1912.

(signed by his own hand)

Land Grant given to John Davis – recorded Pasquotank County Court, Elizabeth City, NC

His Excellency John Lord Cartaret Palatine and the rest of the true and absolute Lords Proprietors, of Carolina, to all persons to whom these presents shall come greetings, in our Lord God Everlasting. Know ye that we the said Lords and absolute proprietors, according to our great Deed of Grant bearing date of the first day of May A.D. 1668, given to our County of Albemarle under our hand and the great seal of our province do hereby give and grant unto John Davis of our said county a tract of land containing five hundred and seven (507) acres and lying on the head of the Pasquotank River.

Beginning at a red oak thence S 22 E 16 pole to a beech on David Pritchard's line S 65 W 60 pole to a beech, S25 E 80 pole to a chestnut oake S60 W38 pole to a poplar, N20 W40 gum S45 W60 a poplar N60 W38 a poplar N70 W32 a poplar N11 W20 pole beech N60 W40 pole to an oak W80 pole to a water oak N25 W36 pole to a beech N49 W32 pole to a beech N23 E140 pole to a beech S75 E120 pole along the main swamp S11 E200 along the said swamp S60 E40 pole to said swamp then S87 E2 pole to said swamp and to the first station.

To have and to hold the said land with all rights of hunting, hawking, fishing and fowling with all woods, waters and rivers with all profits, commodities and hereditaments to the same belonging or appertaining (except one half of all gold and silver mines) unto him the said John Davis his heirs and assigns forever in as full and ample manner of intents and purposes as in and by the said deed is granted or intended yielding and paying unto us our heirs and successors yearly every twenty ninth (29) day of September the fee rent of one shilling for ever fifty acres hereby granted to be holden of us our heirs and successors in fee and common soccage, provided that if the said John Davis his heirs and assigns shall not seat or plant or cause to be seated or planted thereon within three years after the date hereof then this patent to be void, otherwise to stand and be in full free.

Given under the seal of the Colony the thirty-first day of March A.D. 1727 (31st March 1727).

Witness our trusty and well beloved Sir Richard Everard Burt, Governor of North Carolina and our trusty and well beloved Councill who have hereunto set their hands.

Frank Foster

Richard Everard

Edmond Gale

E. Moseley

Thos. Harvey

Registered in the Secretary's office, Robert Foster, Depy. Secty.

Franchised 23 Nov. 1719.

* * *

The above grant divided among John Davis's brothers on dates below:

David Davis

11 October 1743

Thomas Davis

9 October 1743 (line of descent)

Abraham Davis

11 October 1743

Brief of Will of Arthur Davis (son of Thomas) (WB-M, p. 154), Pasquotank County, NC, 1 February 1803. Wife Barsheba (Bathsheba); grandson Arthur; daughter-in-law Ann Davis; sons of my son Sanford: Edmond, Abel, Johnston John, Adam and Reuben; daughter Barsheba (Bathsheba), wife of Reuben; Rebecca Seeley.

The gist of the will left his land and plantation to his wife, Bathsheba, during her natural life. Another part of his land was left for the use of his daughter-in-law [actually granddaughter-in-law], Ann Davis. Thence the land was to go to his grandsons. His personal possessions were to go to his wife, daughters, and grandsons.

At least one tract of land to go to a grandson was marked by "a pine [at] Philip Seeley's corner, the land between myself and John Davis, Ann Davis's wheat patch, and a marked pine standing [in] Bailey Jackson's line."

Bailey Jackson was designated executor of Arthur's will.

Note 1: Bailey Jackson and wife Mariah had a daughter, Susannah. Susannah Jackson married Jeremiah Wilcox and they had a daughter, Elizabeth. Elizabeth Wilcox was the first wife of Miles Davis. Miles Davis was the great-grandson of Arthur – being the grandson of Rebecca Davis Seeley.

Note 2: There are many land transactions in Pasquotank County Court House, Elizabeth City, NC involving Arthur Davis. Before 1800, he owned about 500 acres of land and was possessed of considerable personal property.

Deposition of John Fulker, mariner, in Pasquotank County, NC – from Creecy's Princess Anne County Loose Papers, p. 74, 23 April 1773.

Deponent saith that in the fall of 1771 he sailed from Jamaica with Benjamin Pratt, Jr., the master, and Francis Morse, the mate. On return trip the captain was taken with smallpox and died and Morse was taken. The crew put into Havana, Cuba, where Morse died. Deponent saith that Morse was a tall, well-made man with black hair and dark complexion and lived in Princess Anne County (VA) where he left a wife who was formerly called the widow Ackiss and that he did not like to live with her on account of some domestic quarrel, which is why he lived in North Carolina.

The deposition was taken at the house of *Mr. Arthur Davis*.

Will of Rebecca Davis Seeley (sometimes spelled Seley; daughter of Arthur Davis) – Elizabeth City, NC

I, Rebecca Seeley, being weak and sickly but sound of mind and memory do this 17th day of November 1805 make this my last will and testament in words and manner following:

Viz: I give and bequeath to my beloved daughter, Mary Davis*, wife of Samuel Davis, all and singular my goods and chattels within doors and without, of every kind and whatever to her and her heirs and assigns forever.

I appoint my son-in-law, Samuel Davis, my sole executor of this my last will and testament in writing and I do hereby disannul all former wills by me made and do declare, publish, and declare this my last will and testament in confirmation -- whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this 17th day of November 1805.

Rebecca X Seeley (Seley)

* Before her marriage to Samuel Davis, the above Mary was known as "Poll Pratt."

CHARTER MEMBERS OF BEREA BAPTIST CHURCH

Pasquotank County, N.C.

Organized 12 April 1856

Miles Davis	Martha H. Davis
Nathan Jennings	Elizabeth Davis
Fred Davis	Sarah Jennings
David Jennings	Sarah Sawyer
Spence Wood	Susan Perry
William Cooper	Elizabeth Davis
Wilson Davis	Sarah Davis
John Davis	Keturah Davis
William Halstead	Mary Davis
Gardner Sawyer	Charlotte Halstead
E. W. Albertson	Mabel Halstead
Samuel F. Overman	Lucy Albertson
David Smithson	Eliza Jennings
Murden Stokeley	Mary E. Gregory
James Jennings	Lettie O. Daniels
James R. Pritchard	Parthenia Stokeley
Asa Jennings	Louvenia Davis

* * *

Note: So far as I can tell, there are only six names on the above charter that are not family connected – and they may well be!

Copied from a newspaper clipping, 12 September 1924, in the Elizabeth City Newspaper.

DROWNING, HE YELLED FOR GOD

And That's How Berea Farm Boy Came To Be a Big Preacher

The Rev. Q. C. Davis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Albemarle, N.C., who with his distinguished brother Judge J. Warren Davis of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, of Trenton, N.J. is conducting a revival in their old home church at Berea, near Elizabeth City, this week is a man of many interesting parts.

How the Rev. Q. C. Davis became a minister is an interesting story, known to but few of his old boyhood friends in this county. Dr. Davis wanted to be a surgeon and might have been just a plain farmer the rest of his days, but for the fact that he went swimming one Sunday morning. It was a second Sunday morning in June 1887. A companion with whom he was swimming became exhausted and cried for help. Mr. Davis went to his rescue; the drowning man threw both arms around his neck and both went down.

"The dead weight of the other man was too much for me," says Dr. Davis, "and when I realized that we were both about to drown my whole life flashed before me. I thought of the old church back in Berea and recalled that it was then about the hour of service in the old church; I thought how much better everything would have been had I been at church that morning instead of in swimming. And then I cried out to God to help me; instantly the man who was dragging me down released me and both of us were saved.:

"Now when you're in a tight place like that and call on God to help you and help comes that instantly, you can't help hitching up the thing with God. It gave me something to think about and I thought seriously about God for the first time in my life; I thought it was up to me to do something for God."

Dr. Davis tells how he began to organize prayer meetings and other religious services in the neighborhood and of his beginning to win souls to Christ. Then he

found a way, altho married and the father of three small children, to go to Crozier Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa., where he was educated for the ministry.

Dr. Davis has seven children now, all grown and all successful men and women. How he educated these seven children on the small salary of a Baptist minister without ever going in debt more than two or three hundred dollars at any time, would make a story in itself. Here are how his seven children have panned out:

The first, Rev. Floyd P. Davis is pastor of a Baptist Church at Chesterfield C.H., Va. The second, Q. C. Davis, Jr., is a member of the Norfolk County (Va.) bar and has served his county four terms in the Virginia General Assembly. The third son, Dr. Wm. Hersey Davis is Professor of Greek in the Southern Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and the author of theological text books in use on two continents. The fourth son, J. Vernon Davis, of Washington, D.C., is Vice President and General Manager of the Washington and Old Dominion Railway and probably the youngest vice president of a standard railroad in America.

There are three daughters, Miss Rose May Davis is a graduate of the University of Virginia and in a class of 130 applicants for license to practice law in Virginia two years ago, was the only one to make 100 points on the examination. She is now Professor of Science in the Baptist College at Gaffney, S.C. A second daughter, Miss Emma Elizabeth Davis, graduated with honors at Trinity College, N.C., but put aside her ambition for a professional career by marrying Dr. R. H. Holden, of Durham. The youngest daughter, Miss Marie Davis, graduated at Trinity last June and is teaching in the public schools of Albemarle this fall.

May 14, 1962

This copy was made from a news clipping in the possession of Leslie D. Waldorf, 702 Raleigh St., Elizabeth City, NC. It might be interesting to note that two granddaughters of the Rev. Q. C. Davis (daughters of lawyer Q. C. Davis, Jr.) attended Mary Washington College of the University of Va., at the time I did.

Copied from an article in the *Elizabeth City Independent*, Sunday, March 28, 1948, from an article in possession of Leslie D. Waldorf, Elizabeth City, NC, in 1962.

MILES LOWRY DAVIS HAS FORGOTTEN LITTLE DURING HIS NEAR CENTURY OF LIFE: HE IS STILL ACTIVE – HATES 'NEW LOOK' FASHION, by Judy Jones

It's no good saying that Miles Lowry Davis is ninety-six years old or even ninety-six years young. He is ageless. One doesn't think of age in connection with this charming person until he says something like, "I remember when they brought the Merrimac back to Norfolk, where it was first fixed up and iron-clad, after the fight with the Monitor."

Mr. Davis is a handsome man. His hair is thick and wavy and, like his mustache, snow white. His face is tanned, and his bright blue eyes shine with the undimmed joy of living. He is tall, and walks not at all like an old man. The bones and lines of his face are the kind in which artists delight.

His conversation keeps a person spellbound for hours, and his whole personality radiates the special peace and settled philosophy that living close to the earth gives all farmers.

Lives Near City

He is living now on a farm just over the bridge at the end of North Road Street. "I was born about a mile up the road," he says, "and came here to live in '82. I rented this for a while, until one day when I paid my rent to the lady who owned it, she just sold it to me." He likes farming more than any other job, and has done it all his life, except for a brief career of fishing and then the grocery business. "I shad-fished for four years on Caroon Point, near Roanoke Island, but I got tired of it and quit. For six years I ran a grocery store where Twiddy and White is now, then another for two more years where Bascom Sawyer is now. But I got tired of that too, and quit, and I've been farming ever since."

Mr. Davis has the most remarkable memory! There doesn't seem to be anything he has ever forgotten during ninety-six years of life. He remembers the names of many generations of Elizabeth City citizens, whom and how many times they married, the children in the order of their ages, and such tiny details of this town that its history comes alive for the listeners.

He was about ten years old the day the first troops left here to fight for the South in the Civil War, and remembers the day well. It was about the last of March or first of April and his folks had taken him to town. The troops were led by a lawyer named Capt. (Colonel, later) Martin, who had moved to a home on Main Street from Perquimans County. He saw them, clad oddly enough, in blue uniforms, boarding the Arrow down at the end of Main Street, and heard the salute from a cannon that had previously been used only on speech-making days like the Fourth of July.

They went to Cape Hatteras and shortly after, Dr. Tom Cahoon's Company, wearing grey uniforms and called the Independent Greys, sailed to a fort on the south end of Roanoke Island. They held off the enemy for a long time, until the Yanks took Hatteras.

Knew Everybody

Miles Davis used to cart wood in town, and there wasn't a person he didn't know well, and to speak to. There were not over a thousand people here then, if that many. One house had acres of land for a yard. Most of the slave owners lived in the town proper, and had tenants running their farms. He remembers most of the big slave owner names, and all about them. Dr. Joe Pool was one. He lived where the Post Office is now, in the house that was sold to Harry Greenleaf, and then was moved to Colonial Avenue and sold to Judge Walter Small.

Daniel Richardson owned a big farm out on Peartree Road, and owned a slave Miles and the children called him Uncle Dick.

Colonel Martin's daughter, Helen, was the first person in Elizabeth City to have her illness diagnosed as appendicitis. They sent her by train to the nearest hospital, but she died before reaching it.

Billy Griffin, "a fine man," and another slave owner, and Miles Davis went to school together. The school was Episcopal, and the building was back of the present Episcopal Church.

A darkie named Jim was another slave friend to Mr. Davis, and was owned by Bill Grover. John L. Burgess owned slaves, too, and all of Burgess Street and along

Foreman Road to the river. Says Mr. Davis, "Miss Maggie, John's daughter, and I used to walk to Sunday School together. It was two miles, and we did hate it when it rained! We didn't mind the cold, but we hated getting wet. The hymns we sang then when I was a boy, they're singing now, and they'll last as long as time."

Took Voice Lessons

The Baptist Congregation of Mr. Davis's church hired a voice teacher, and he took voice two years. "A few of us did pretty well. Singing! Sam Davis and I used to work together, and on rainy days we would just sing. After a while the church ordered books, and I got so I knew singing all right."

"Elizabeth City used to be a corn and wheat market, before the railroads were built," continued Mr. Davis. "There were lots of boats here. A few sailed for the West Indies carrying white oak staves for barrels, and some drawn shingles were sold at Philadelphia, but the real produce was corn and wheat. Most of it was sold up the Roanoke and Chowan River, where the land produced tobacco and cotton. Here the people had millers grind their flour."

Mr. Davis remembers the first bag of ready-ground flour his father bought. He paid \$8 for it, and 25c freight. The ship that brought it was captained by William Murden. And every morning a ship left here for Norfolk, and one left Norfolk for Elizabeth City, crossed, and reached port late that evening. An all day trip because the speed limit in the canal was four miles per hour.

Cheap Labor

When the railroads were built, laborers used to cut white oak for ties, in the woods; wages fifty cents a day. Mr. Davis had charge of a group doing this, taking twenty days off from tending his crops, to earn \$50.

Miles Davis says he has never had much sickness in his life. When he was seventeen he thought he was going to die of typhoid fever, but he recovered completely after five weeks of illness. At the age of 22 he married, on January 22, 1874. He and his wife raised turkeys, geese, and lumber duck, and sold them at Christ-

mastime in Norfolk. There wasn't much good land for farming, but he cleared it, fertilized, and soon had big crops for his trouble.

Likes Hard Work

He seems to have become well acquainted with hard work early in life, but appears to have enjoyed working more because it was hard.

Copied from an article in the *Norfolk-Virginian Pilot*, Feb. 1953.

Article in possession of Leslie D. Waldorf, Elizabeth City, NC, in 1962.

FIRE DESTROYS OLD DAVIS HOME IN PASQUOTANK

Elizabeth City, NC, Feb. 20 — One of the oldest homes in Pasquotank County was destroyed by fire this afternoon, including nearly all its contents.

It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Leonard Pritchard, just off U. S. Highway 17, two miles from Elizabeth City beyond the Brickhouse Road. It was the **Miles Davis** homeplace, built about 1833, on the land once a part of the old Brickhouse tract.

The Elizabeth City firemen got the call at 2:03 PM and upon their arrival found the blaze so far advanced there was little they could do to save it. They extinguished a chicken house that was afire and prevented other buildings from burning.

Mr. Pritchard was at work in the field and Mrs. Pritchard in the kitchen, when the kitchen roof was discovered ablaze. Origin of the fire is undetermined but it is thought that perhaps sparks from the kitchen flue set the roof of wooden shingles on fire and the fire spread rapidly engulfing the entire building. There was little time to remove furnishings, food or clothing.

CHARTS

I. EDWARD WOOD, SR. B. CA. 1628, ENGLAND

194

m. (1) name unknown

John, b. ca. 1650, in Va.

m. Margaret _____

m. (2) Katherine _____

in Norfolk, Va., area

1. **EDWARD, Jr.**, b. ca. 1672; m. Mary _____

i. William, b. ca. 1728 in Princess Anne Co., Va.

ii. Mark, b. 1730 in Princess Anne Co., Va.

iii. **JOHN**, b. 1735 in Princess Anne Co., Va.;

m. Nancy (Ann) _____

(moved to Pasquotank Co., N.C., ca. 1750)

1. **JOSEPH**, b. 1754 in N.C.

m. Sally D. _____

d. Nov. 1822

2. William, b. 1755, D.S.P.

3. James O'Kelley, b. 1757

left area in 1811

4. Suzannah, b. 1759,

unmarried in 1803

5. Elizabeth, b. 1760

m. _____ Spence

d. after 1803

2. Mark, b. 1675, d. 1735; m. Sara _____

i. William

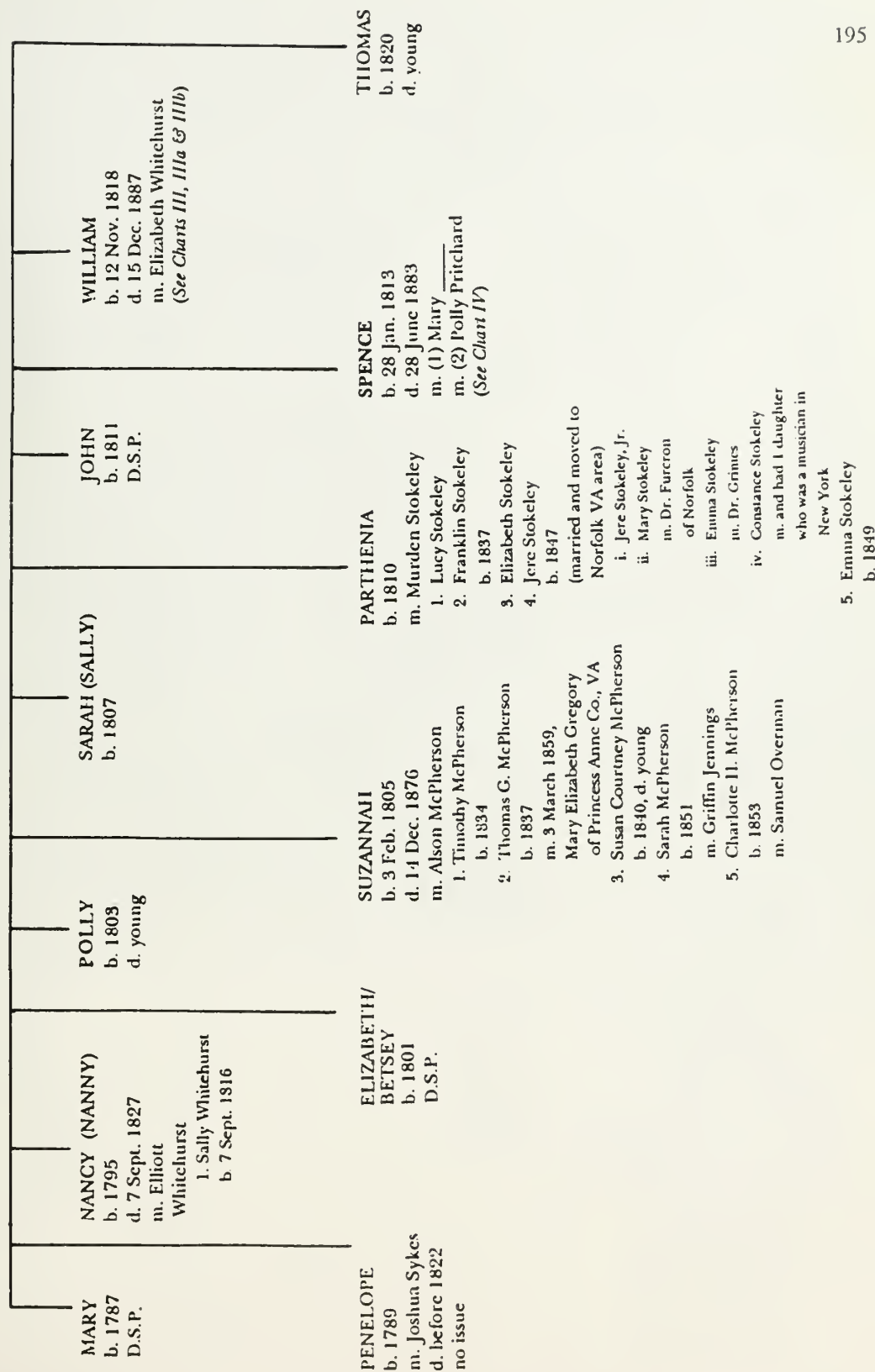
ii. Solomon

iii. Mark, Jr.

iv. Abbe, m. _____ Salter

3. William, b. 1679, d. 1769; m. Miss Philpots (no issue)

II. JOSEPH WOOD



III. WILLIAM WOOD (SON OF JOSEPH WOOD AND BROTHER OF SPENCE)

<p>JOSEPH NORMAN b. 14 Jan. 1842 in NC d. 21 Jan. 1908 m. 28 Feb. 1867, Mary Antoinette Ives of Princess Anne Co., VA (See Chart IIIa)</p>	<p>JONATHAN RICHARDSON b. 1 April 1846 in NC d. 30 March 1882 m. Keziah Whitehurst (See Chart IIIa)</p>	<p>JAMES THOMAS b. 11 June 1850 in VA d. 22 June 1912 m. 8 Dec. 1886, Sarah Frances Sanderlin of Moyock, NC (See Chart IIIa)</p>	<p>CLAYTON b. 1854 in VA d. 1932 m. Josephine Dozier of Camden Co., NC (See Chart IIIb)</p>	<p>GEORGE ELLIOTT b. 1858 in VA d. 1939 m. Sarah Jane Butt of Hyde Co., NC (See Chart IIIb)</p>
<p>KEELING b. 15 Sept. 1843 in NC d. March 1864 of wounds in Civil War D.S.P.</p>	<p>WILLIAM FRANKLIN b. 1848, Norfolk Co., VA d. 14 July 1892 m. 17 Feb. 1876, Emma Dudley (See Chart IIIa)</p>	<p>CALEB LUTON b. 24 March 1852 in VA d. June 1923 m. 1 Jan. 1890, Elizabeth E. Sanderlin of Moyock, NC (See Chart IIIb)</p>	<p>SARAH ELIZABETH b. 1856 in VA d. 1934 D.S.P.</p>	<p>CHARLES b. 1860 in VA d. 17 March 1950 m. Olivia J. Fentress of Princess Anne Co., VA (See Chart IIIb)</p>

IIIa. CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH WOOD

JOSEPH NORMAN

b. 14 Jan. 1842 in NC

d. 21 Jan. 1908

m. 28 Feb. 1867,

Mary Antoinette Ives

of Princess Anne Co., VA

1. Sarah Elizabeth, b. 7 May 1868

d. 15 April 1957; m. R.E. Holt

i. Mary Holt

ii. Inez Holt

iii. Ada Lee Holt

iv. Irene Holt

2. Joseph K., b. 29 Nov. 1869

d. 21 Feb. 1873, D.S.P.

3. Jesse Norman, b. 23 Oct. 1871

d. 13 April 1937

m. 28 Oct. 1903, Bessie

Crowley of Prospect, VA

i. Jesse William, b. 3 Sept. 1910

d. 3 Sept. 1910

ii. Thomas Norman, b. 11 Nov. 1911

m. Ethel W. Smith of Sampson, NC

1. Lois Anne, b. 14 Aug. 1936

2. Thomas Norman, b. 17 April 1941

3. Ronald Hill, b. 15 Sept. 1942

4. Sidney Allen, b. 7 Sept. 1943

iii. Robert Eugene, b. 9 May 1914

d. 1970s in Rappahannock Co., VA

m. Virginia Fletcher (no issue)

4. Middleton Franklin

b. 16 Oct. 1873

m. (1) Minnie Mansfield, 1895 (no issue)

m. (2) Melinda Mansfield, 1904

i. Joseph Mansfield Wood, b. 13 Sept. 1906 (2 boys, 1 girl)

ii. Minnie May, b. 1 May 1907 (2 boys, 2 girls)

iii. Lucian Middleton, b. 25 Jan. 1913 (1 boy, 1 girl)

iv. Elia Franklin, b. 28 March 1915 (1 boy, 1 girl)

v. Archie Burfoot, b. 28 Feb. 1923 (2 boys, 2 girls)

5. Ada Antoinette, b. 19 Sept. 1875

d. 14 April 1957, D.S.P.

6. Alvah Fletcher, b. 27 July 1878

d. 1966, Blackwater, VA

m. Berta Wright

i. Hazel Wood

ii. Roy

iii. Ada Belle

iv. Evelyn

7. Claudius M., b. 4 Sept. 1880

d. 2 Aug. 1881

8. Raleigh Benton, b. 9 March 1882

d. 21 Nov. 1956

m. 3 April 1912, Mae Whitehurst

i. Sarah Elizabeth

ii. Margaret Antoinette

9. Numa Pompilius, b. 14 June 1886

d. 1967, m. 18 Jan. 1919, Mabel Fox

(no issue)

JONATHAN RICHARDSON

b. 1 April 1846 in NC

d. 30 March 1882

m. Keziah Whitehurst

(see next page)

1. Emily Augusta, b. 15 July 1869

d. 27 Dec. 1940

m. F. L. Lily

i. Ruth Lily, b. 7 Jan. 1909

m. A. R. Creekmore

(2 boys, 1 girl)

2. Irene Forrester, b. 27 Sept. 1871

d. 22 March 1946

m. E. T. Humphries

i. Edward Collins Humphries

b. 15 July 1894

d. 26 Sept. 1940

m. Delia _____

1. Carne Virginia Humphries

ii. John Humphries, b. 14 July 1900

m. Barbara Wood

(3 sons)

iii. Willard S. Humphries

b. 13 Nov. 1903

m. Emma C. Gregory of

Amherst Court House, VA

1. Willard Grady Humphries

b. 28 Sept. 1933

3. William Keeling, b. 13 Sept. 1875

d. 11 Dec. 1907

m. Elba Von Derlip of Michigan

i. William Keeling Jr.

b. 14 Aug. 1904 in VA

1. William Keeling Wood III

b. 19 Dec. 1931 in Los Angeles, CA

i. William Keeling Wood IV

b. 19 Dec. 1956

4. Davis Whitehurst, b. 17 Sept. 1877

D.S.P.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN

b. 1848, d. 14 July 1892

m. 17 Feb. 1876,

Emma Dudley of Norfolk Co., VA

1. William Caleb, b. 6 Feb. 1877

d. 5 Dec. 1949

m. Fanny Johnson of

Frankville, Alabama

i. William Johnson

b. 19 April 1918

m. 1 May 1854,

Georgia Korbel of

California

1. Frances Lee Wood

b. 30 Nov. 1937

2. Elijah Keeling, b. 24 July 1879

d. 29 Oct. 1949, D.S.P.

3. Lillie Emma, b. 7 Jan. 1882

d. 16 July 1956, D.S.P.

4. Rose Frances, b. 22 Aug. 1885

d. 5 Aug. 1892, D.S.P.

5. Once Franklin, b. 2 Aug. 1886

d. 12 Aug. 1910, D.S.P.

JAMES THOMAS

b. 11 June 1850, d. 22 June 1942

m. 8 Dec. 1886, Sarah Frances Sanderlin

1. William Thomas, b. 5 Feb. 1888

d. 1970s, m. Ruth M. Tilden of

Passaic, NJ

i. Thomas Stanley, b. 20 March 1932

m. 14 Jan. 1956, Betty Redding of

Richmond, VA

1. Edith Eldridge Wood

b. 1 Feb. 1937

2. Thomas Stanley Wood, Jr.

b. 11 Oct. 1960

2. Raymond Sanderlin, b. 27 Jan. 1890

d. 20 July 1962

m. 27 April 1925, Mary Harris of

Fort Mill, SC

i. Raymond Sanderlin, Jr.

b. 25 April 1927

m. 13 Dec. 1958, Joyce Harrell

of Atlanta, GA

1. John Harrell, b. 23 March 1960

2. Sarah Margaret, b. 3 April 1963

3. Mabel Frances, b. 26 Nov. 1891

d. 1970s, D.S.P.

4. James Malcolm, b. 16 Aug. 1894, d. 1980s

m. Agnes Grigg of Richmond, VA

i. Virginia Agnes, b. 4 April 1926

m. Robert Rogers of Atlanta, GA

1. Virginia C. Rogers

2. Robert M. Rogers

3. Anne F. Rogers

CALEB LUTON

- b. 21 March 1852, d. June 1923
- m. 1 Jan. 1890, Elizabeth E. Sanderlin
 - 1. Helen Frances, b. 8 Sept. 1891
 - m. J. Paul Wright, 1923
 - i. Anne Elizabeth Wright
 - b. 7 Nov. 1925
 - m. Malley Baxter Taylor
- 2. Naomi Lucille, b. 28 Dec. 1895
- m. 8 Sept. 1923, Eugene Tompkins of Crewe, VA
 - i. Dr. Eugene R. Tompkins, Jr.
 - b. 16 Jan. 1925
 - m. Edna May Marscutt Morrisette
 - 1. Ralph Henri Tompkins
 - 2. Jane Elizabeth Tompkins
 - 3. Cynthia R. Tompkins
 - 4. John Tompkins
- 3. Miriam Lee, b. 15 Feb. 1900
- m. 9 Sept. 1925, Henry B. Cale of Elizabethton, TN
 - i. Henry Benjamin Cale, Jr.
 - b. 4 May 1927
 - m. Anita Bundrick of New Orleans
 - 1. Elizabeth Cale
 - 2. Francesca Anita Cale
- 4. Caleb Luton, Jr., b. 12 June 1902
- d. 8 June 1946, m. Laura F. Beale (no issue)
- 5. Thomas William, b. 25 Dec. 1911
- m. Kathryn E. Miller of Covington, VA
 - i. Nina Elizabeth, b. 10 Nov. 1913

CLAYTON

- b. 1854, d. 1932
- m. Josephine Dozier
 - 1. John Clayton, b. 17 Sept. 1876
 - m. Beulah Trafion of Camden Co., NC
 - i. Margaret, b. 18 Sept. 1909
 - ii. Susie Josephine, b. 8 Oct. 1911
 - iii. Beulah Louise, b. 12 Feb. 1913
 - iv. George C. Lyon of Elizabeth City, NC
 - m. John Clayton, Jr., b. 15 April 1914
 - m. Martha Cobb of Farmville, VA (2 daughters)
 - v. Vera Estelle, b. 15 April 1919
 - m. J.O. Amburn of Roanoke, VA
- 2. Grace, b. 10 March 1877, d. 19 April 1948
- m. Leroy W. Hanbury
 - i. Leroy Wood Hanbury
- 3. William Elliott, b. 16 Jan. 1883
- d. 2 Nov. 1942, m. Lillie Smith, 1913
- i. William Elliott, Jr., b. 30 May 1915
- m. Anne Devany
 - i. William Breckenbridge
 - b. 25 Jan. 1946
- 4. Jasper Earl, b. 21 April 1890
- d. 26 May 1955
- m. Mattie Randolph (1 child)
- 5. Vera Estelle, b. 1894, d. 1935
- m. (1) Clifton Woodward (no issue)
- m. (2) Wm. E. Shipp of Back Bay, VA
 - i. Joan Shipp.

GEORGE ELLIOTT

- b. 1858, d. 1939
- m. Sarah Jane Butt (Hyde Co., NC)
 - 1. Lennie Elizabeth, b. 1886
 - d. 1925, m. T.C. Childress (no issue)
 - 2. Bessie Caroline, b. 1887, d. 1955
 - m. Harry Parker of King George Court House, VA
 - i. Peyton Gillespie Parker
 - b. 12 Feb. 1911
 - m. Edna Nichell (1 boy, 1 girl)
 - 3. Georgie Mae, b. 1889, D.S.P.
 - 4. Mary Blanche, b. 20 Feb. 1893
 - m. J. Newton Baxter of Princess Anne Co., VA
 - i. George I. Baxter
 - b. 14 Nov. 1916
 - m. Dorothy McCluin (2 boys, 1 girl)
 - ii. Leonard N. Baxter
 - b. 22 May 1918
 - m. Veronica Logan of NY (1 boy, 1 girl)
 - iii. Marjorie Baxter
 - b. 17 Oct. 1920
 - m. D.S. Swanson of NJ (3 boys)

CHARLES

- b. 1860, d. 17 March 1950
- m. Olivia J. Fentress of Princess Anne Co., VA
 - 1. Nina Elizabeth
 - b. 1890, d. 1908, D.S.P.
 - 2. Myra Estelle
 - b. 16 Sept. 1891
 - 3. Charles Izland, b. 3 March 1894
 - m. Dulcie Wiggins of Hyde Co., NC (no issue)
 - 4. Basil Manly, b. 20 Dec. 1895
 - m. Grace Armstrong of Richmond, VA (no issue)*
 - 5. Olga Myrtle, b. 1897
 - m. Stanley Osborne of New Zealand (2 girls)
 - 6. Curtis Lee, b. 1900
 - m. Maud Davis of Williamsburg, VA
 - i. Hugh Randolph (he had three sons)
 - 7. Gladys Randolph, b. 18 March 1901
 - m. Rodney White of Norfolk (no issue)
 - 8. Thelma Vivian, b. 21 Feb. 1903
 - m. E.G. Middleton of Lunenburg Co. (2 boys)
 - 9. Minnie Murrell, b. 9 Feb. 1909
 - m. (1) Thomas Jacobs (had 2 girls)
 - m. (2) James Worthington (no issue)

* In the 1960s, Judge Basil Manly Wood owned the old William Wood home in St. Brides, Virginia.

m. (1) Mary, d. before March 1841

1. John C., b. ca. 1832
2. Sarah, b. ca. 1834
3. Nancy, b. ca. 1836
4. Jessie, b. ca. 1838

m. (2) Pollic/Polly Pritchard, 31 March 1841

1. Mary/Mollie, b. 24 Feb. 1843, d. 8 Sept. 1872
m. 9 Aug. 1860, Sykes Davis (*See Chart IX*)

i. Margaret Lavina Davis

- b. 21 Sept. 1861, d. 26 Sept. 1881,
m. John Quincy Adams Wood
(No issue)

ii. Sarah E. Davis

- b. 25 June 1863, d. 1932

m. Quinton Jennings

1. Lenora Jennings, b. 9 Sept. 1883, d. 19 Aug. 1884
2. Mary Lou Jennings, b. 1 Dec. 1884
m. 3 May 1903, James W. White
3. Cussie Jennings, b. 10 Aug. 1886, d. 13 June 1911
m. Frank Parker
4. Maggie Mae Jennings, b. 16 June 1888, d. 3 Oct. 1912
m. 20 Dec. 1908, Wilson Scott
5. Noah Preston Jennings, b. 9 Feb. 1890,
m. 25 Dec. 1912, Amelia Pritchard
6. Sarah Jennings, b. 8 Nov. 1894, d. 18 April 1932
m. 2 Dec. 1914, Daniel Pritchard
7. Grace Jennings, b. 20 Nov. 1897,
m. 26 Sept. 1915, W. M. Perry
8. Ruby Davis Jennings, b. 19 Aug. 1904,
m. 8 Jan. 1905, Robert Benton

iii. Polly Virginia Davis

- b. 11 Sept. 1865, d. 24 Oct. 1884
D.S.P.

iv. Joshua Judson Davis

- b. 21 Jan. 1868, d. 10 Jan. 1949
m. Margaret Elizabeth White

2. Margaret, b. 30 June 1845, d. 1906;

m. (1) 30 Nov. 1871 Henry Hollowell Perry (Perquimans Co.)

- i. Bragg Perry, b. 1872, in Perquimans Co., NC
m. 29 March 1894, Carne Layden

ii. Caesar Perry, b. 1875, d. 1875

iii. "Buck" Perry, b. 1876, d. 1878

iv. Katie Darlin Perry, b. 1878, d. very young

v. Mary Hix Perry, b. 1880, d. 1962

m. Daniel Webster Morgan

1. Effie Morgan, m. ____ Ives
2. Doris Morgan, m. ____ Frias
3. ____ Morgan, m. Harold Palmer
4. ____ Morgan, m. C.E. Hopson
5. ____ Morgan, m. H.M. Perry
6. Victor Morgan
7. Daniel Webster Morgan

vi. Henry H. Perry, b. 1884, d. 1884

vii. Henry H. Perry, b. 1896,

- m. 5 Aug. 1925, Eduth Collins of Bryn Mawr, PA
(16 grandchildren)

(10 great-grandchildren)

m. (2) Isaac Harris (no issue)

3. WILLIAM ELLIOTT WOOD

- b. 8 April 1847, d. 22 Jan. 1927

m. Elizabeth/Bett Davis, 8 Aug. 1867
(*See Chart V*)

4. Charlotte Hickson

- b. 7 May 1856, d. ?

m. ____ Halstead

V. WILLIAM ELLIOTT WOOD

LULON PAUL

b. 27 March 1868
d. 31 Dec. 1916, in VA,
m. 3 Sept. 1889, Sophia Davis
(*See Charts V/1a & V/1b*)

Addie, b. 1872

d. 6 Sept. 1911

m. 20 June 1891,
Quinton Forbes

1. Sarah Pearl Forbes
b. 1891, d. 1960s

m. Lawrence Kenyon Smithson

i. Addie Smithson,

m. Frank Palmer

ii. Elizabeth Smithson

m. Frank McPherson.

She was killed in an accident,
but left one infant daughter.

iii. Helen Smithson

iv. Bonnie Lorraine Smithson

b. 9 Oct. 1932

m. Edward Harris

v. Louise Smithson, m. ___ Huritz

vi. Pearl Smithson, m. ___ Nettles

vii. Margaret Smithson

m. Hersey Fordland, Jr.

(17 grandchildren and some
great-grandchildren)

2. Stillborn boy, b. 1892

Elizabeth Hickson "Flix"

b. 2 June 1873

d. in 1960s in SC

m. William Murden

1. Catherine Wood Murden

b. 9 Aug. 1894, d. Nov. 1983

m. J. P. Casque

2. Flix Elizabeth Murden

b. 15 Jan. 1896

m. Lotli Smith

i. Catherine Smith

ii. Earle Smith

3. Esther Blonnie Murden

b. 13 Sept. 1898

m. Moffet Bigham

4. Thelma Violet Murden

b. 21 Jan. 1901

m. W. W. Johnston

5. William Elliott Murden

b. 26 May 1903

d. 1 April 1962

m. Elizabeth Worsham

i. Betty Jean Murden

6. John Lawrence Murden

b. 26 Oct. 1904, d. 1960s

m. Gertrude Jones.

7. Margaret Marie Murden

b. 22 Dec. 1908

(only one born in SC)

John Davis, b. 1878

d. 2 Dec. 1963

in Norfolk

m. 29 Nov. 1906,

Mattie Cromwell

1. Adopted son, Ernest

(now deceased)

(progeny not known)

Charles Elliott, b. 18 Sept. 1875

d. 6 Dec. 1899, D.S.P.

Margaret "Maggie"

b. 23 Oct. 1883

d. in 1960s

m. (1) Fred Horton

m. (2) Whilden Springer

1. Edward E. Springer

b. 23 Nov. 1911

2. Whilden Armistead Springer

b. 1913, m. and had one son

LILLIE
b. 31 May 1890
d. 14 June 1890

ETTA ALMIRA
b. 27 Sept. 1891
d. 30 June 1894
m. 27 Dec. 1921,
Raymond Jones

i. Joseph Elliott Jones
b. 23 Sept. 1923
m. Edith Gusler, 1942

i. Josephine Jones
b. 2 Sept. 1914
ii. Judith Jones

b. 28 June 1950

m. Edward Baker
1. Diane Baker

2. Allison Baker
b. 14 Jan. 1976

3. Alan Baker
b. 29 Dec. 1980

4. Michelle Baker
b. 14 Jan. 1983

iii. John Elliot Jones
b. 5 Aug. 1952
m. - divorced

1. Sarah Jane Jones
b. 22 Oct. 1980

2. Kimberly Jones
b. 13 May 1983

2. Clara Estelle Jones

b. 14 March 1925

m. John C. Bowers, 1913

i. Robert Joseph Bowers, b. 23 June 1943
m. 26 Feb. 1967 Marilyn McCormick

1. Cheryl Bowers, b. 26 Feb. 1975

2. Suzanne Bowers, b. 20 March 1979

iii. Sandra E. Bowers, b. 22 June 1948

m. (1) W.M. Sansbury (divorced) -- no issue

m. (2) Lawrence Owen Fulghum, 22 March 1984
(no issue)

iii. John Neil Bowers, b. 9 Feb. 1954

m. (1) Susan Elliston (divorced, no issue)

m. (2) Fiona McPherson (no issue)

LILLIAN, b. 28 June 1893
d. 1960

m. Moses D. Sawyer

1. Kathleen Sawyer
b. 23 April 1917

d. 1961

m. Jennings Hartsoe

i. Clayton Hartsoe
b. 1945

ii. M. Kent Hartsoe
b. 21 May 1948

m. Susan

1. Any Hartsoe
iii. Suzanne Hartsoe

b. 26 Oct. 1950

2. Charles W. Sawyer
b. 25 April 1918, d. 1919

3. "Bill" Sawyer

b. 13 May 1919

d. 31 July 1990

4. Helen Sawyer

b. 1921, d. 1988

m. (1) Edward Byrd

i. Edward Byrd

ii. Edwina Byrd

m. (2) — Stallings (no issue)

THOMAS JARVIS

b. 4 July 1895

d. 3 May 1985

m. 24 Dec. 1916

Helen G. Ward

i. Margery Kathryn Wood

b. 28 Sept. 1919

m. 19 June 1943

Albert W. Furguicle

i. Martha Jane Furguicle

b. 6 July 1946

m. 22 Jan. 1972,

Charles MacDonald

1. Thomas C. MacDonald

b. 27 Nov. 1979

ii. Harriet Randolph Furguicle

b. 28 July 1951

m. 17 Dec. 1977,

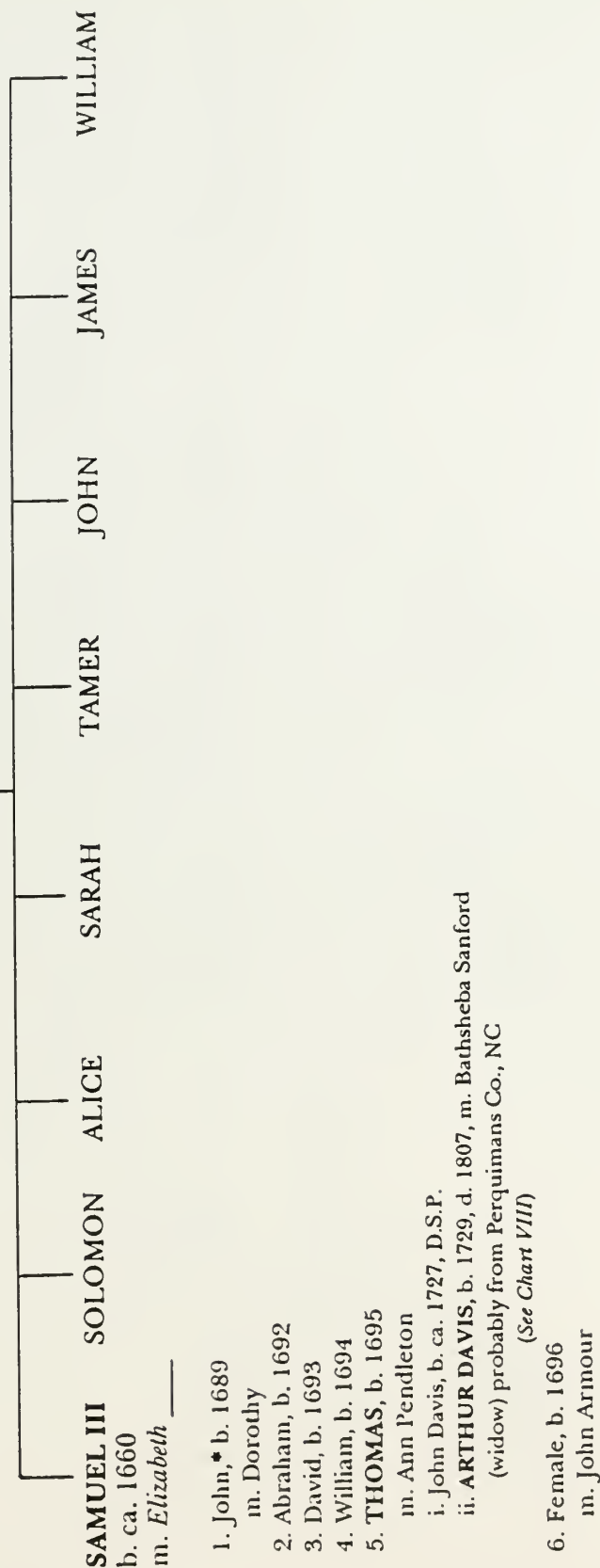
Ronald B. Carpenter,

divorced (no issue)

KENNETH, b. 13 May 1897
d. 29 May 1897

VII. SAMUEL DAVIS, SR., b. ca. 1610, Gravesend, England
d. ca. 1670, Isle of Wight, VA., m. *Elizabeth*

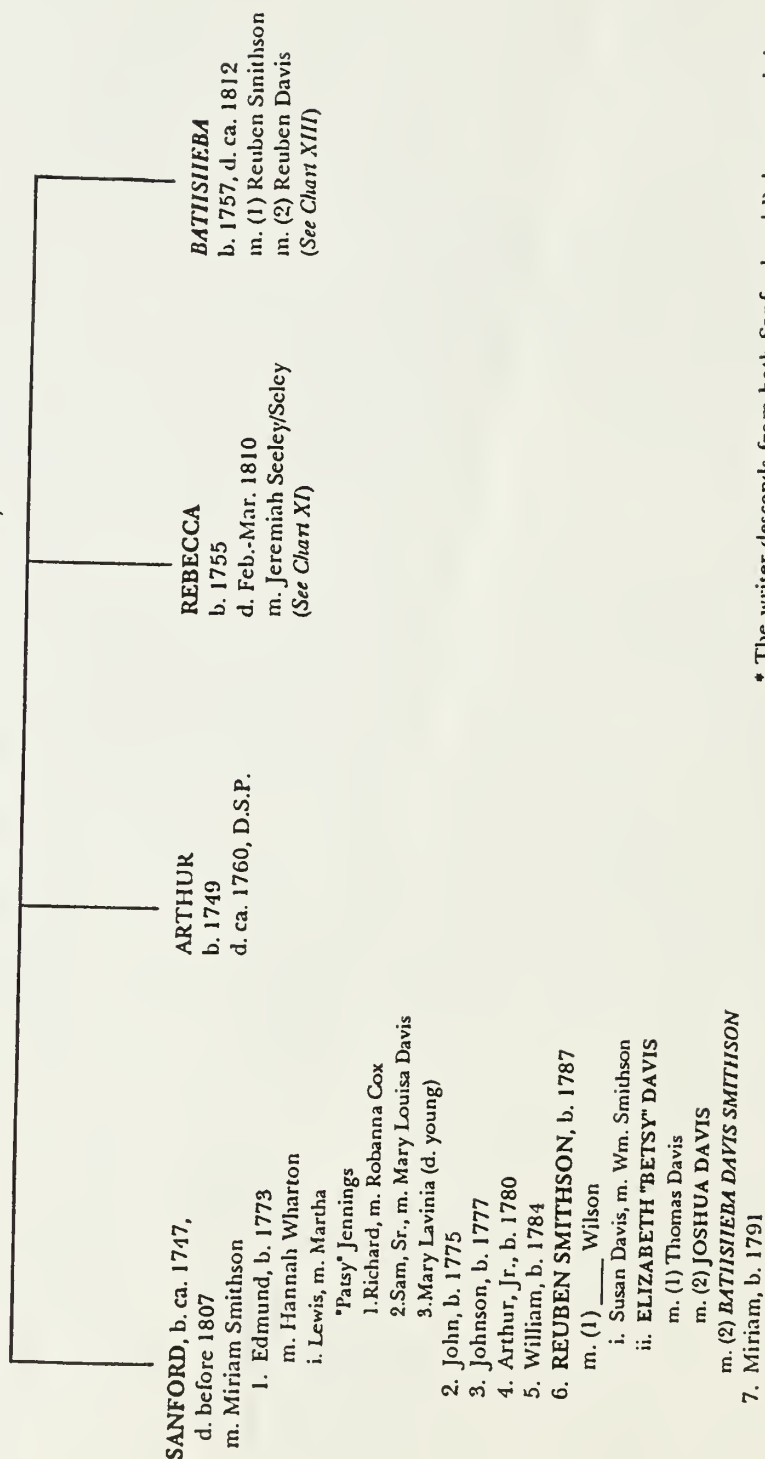
SAMUEL DAVIS II, b. ca. 1638, Isle of Wight Co., VA.,
m. *Ann*, moved to Pasquotank Co., NC, in 1660



* John Davis divided his land grant among three brothers

VIII. ARTHUR DAVIS *

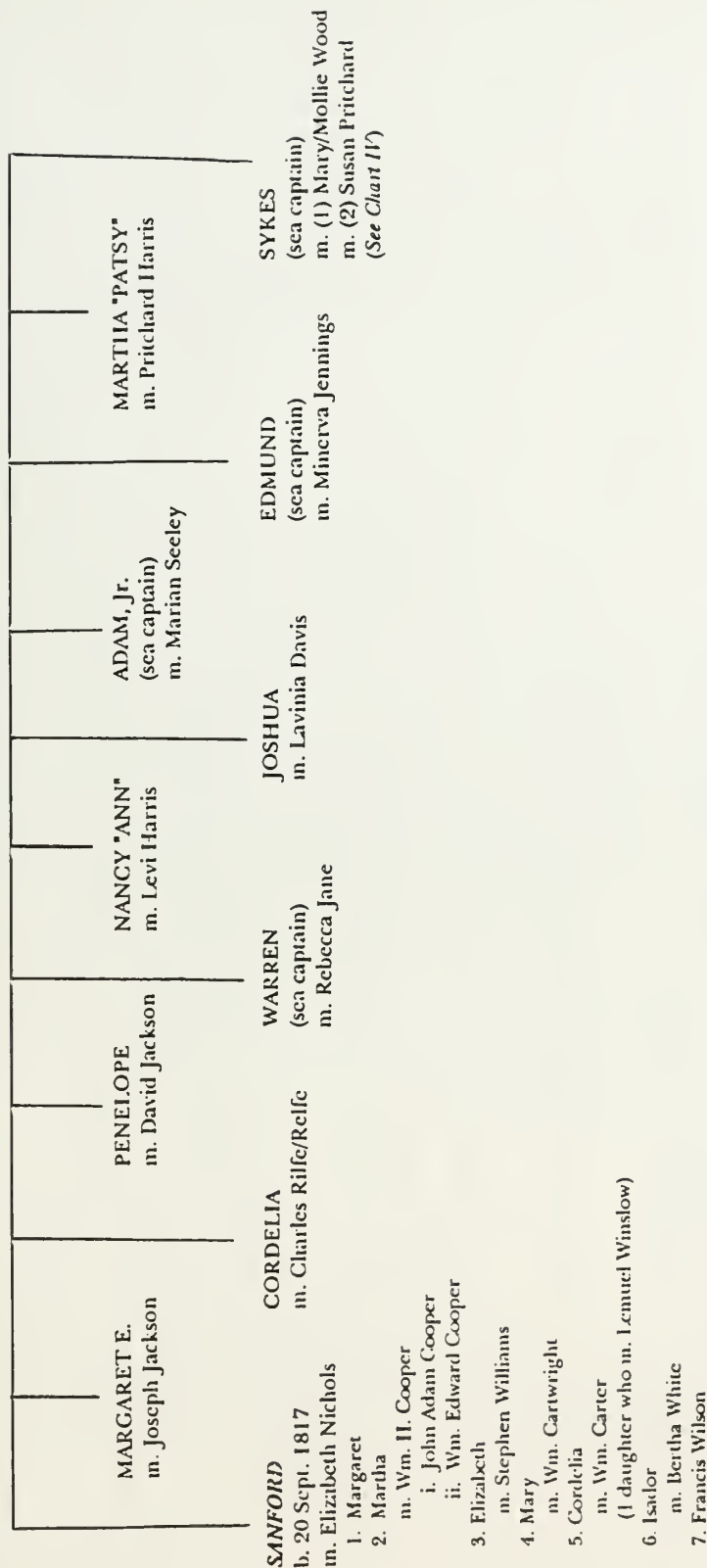
(mariner and planter on one-third of brother's land
grant and land grant of 1785 for 41.4 acres)



* The writer descends from both Sanford and Rebecca, and she is closely connected to Bathsbeba. It is not feasible to give more than a brief chart without going in depth. In Part IV, A Davis Trilogy, the relationships are more explicit and informative. No attempt has been made, on the charts, to show the numerous intermarriages, lack of marriages, and other behavior. The serious reader can put the facts together.

7. Miriam, b. 1791
8. Abel, b. 1793
9. ADAM, b. 7 Nov. 1794
(sea capt.)
m. Martha "Patsy" Sykes
(See Chart IX)

IX. ADAM DAVIS (son of SANFORD DAVIS and brother to REUBEN SMITHSON DAVIS)
b. 7 Nov. 1794 (sea captain)
m. Martha "Patsy" Sykes



- m. (1) _____ Wilson of Wilson's "Dunghill"
 1. Susan Davis
- m. William Smithson, son of Bathsheba Davis and Reuben Smithson
- 2. ELIZABETH "BETSY" DAVIS
 m. (1) Thomas Davis (son of WILLIS DAVIS)
 (See Chart XIV)
 - i. WILSON DAVIS
 - m. Eliz. Halstead (dau. of Wm. and Mabel Davis Halstead)
 many children, including
 - 1. Tom Davis
 - m. Sophia "Mellie" Morgan
 - 2. Charlie Edd Davis
 - m. Bertie Murden (Norfolk Co.)
 (See Chart XIV)
- m. (2) JOSHUA DAVIS (brother to Thomas) (son of WILLIS DAVIS)
 - i. CHARLES DAVIS
 - b. 20 Feb. 1840, d. ca. 1876
 - m. 18 May 1862, Martha Jane Saunders/Sanders
 in the home of John W. Davis in Pasquotank Co., NC
 - 1. Mary Ann Elizabeth Davis
 - 2. Sarah Rebaka (Rebecca) Davis
 - 3. Joseph Wilson Davis
 - 4. SOPHIA, m. Lulon Paul Wood
 (See Charts VIa & VIb)
 - 5. Joshua Southgate Davis
 (See Chart XIV)

m. (2) BATHSHEBA DAVIS SMITHSON, widow
 (daughter of Arthur Davis)
 1. Mary
 m. George Davis (son of Willis Davis)
 (3 children)
 (See Chart XIII)

(Note: Charles and Wilson Davis were half-brothers.)

XI. REBECCA DAVIS

- m. Jeremiah Seeley of Rhode Island. (He departed the area after producing one child.)
- i. Philip Seeley, m. Susannah _____
 i. Sanford Seeley, m. Ann _____
 - ii. Lowry Seeley (probably others)
- by Frederick (Fred) Davis, she had:
- i. LOWRY DAVIS, b. ca. 1773
 m. 24 March 1799, Ann Frew
 - i. Miles Davis, b. 21 July 1802
 m. (1) Elizabeth Wilcox
 m. (2) Martha Harris
 (*See Charts XIIa & XIIb*)
 - ii. Isaac Davis, b. 1804
 m. Charlotte Walston
 - iii. Ann Davis, b. 1806
 m. (1) _____ Carter
 1. Ann Carter,
 m. Edmund Morgan
 - i. Thomas Crowder Morgan
 - ii. Joseph James Morgan
 - iii. "Mellie" Morgan, m.
 Tom Davis
 - iv. Narcissus Morgan, m.
 Dennis Overman
- m. (2) Fred Whitehurst
 i. Wm. W. Whitehurst
 ii. Elizabeth Whitehurst
 m. William Wood
- Presumably by Benjamin Pratt, Jr., she had:
1. Mary (Poll Pratt) Davis,
 b. ca. 1776,
 m. (1) Samuel Davis
 i. William
 m. Phoebe Smithson
 1. Mack Davis
 2. Susan Davis
 m. (1) _____ Twine
 m. (2) Asa Lowe
 - m. (2) Joshua Davis
 i. Robert Davis, m. _____ Halstead
 - ii. Lowry Davis, m. _____
 1. John Stump Davis
 2. Miles Davis
 3. W. O. Davis
 (and others)

XIIa. MILES DAVIS
 m. (1) ca. 1824 **ELIZABETH WILCOX**
 (dau. of Jeremiah Wilcox and Susannah Jackson)

IIIITHIE

b. 14 Oct. 1826
 m. (1) 28 Jan. 1854,
 Joyce Anne Jackson, d. 1883
 i. Ephraim G.

b. 12 Jan. 1858
 d. 6 Sept. 1924
 m. Victoria Cartwright

b. 23 Dec. 1863

d. 15 Feb. 1931

m. Charles Evans

b. 1865

d. 1880s, D.S.P.

CORDELLA

b. 4 May 1867

d. 21 April 1925

m. Walter Brothers

i. Anne Lee Brothers

b. 21 March 1886

d. 12 Jan. 1932

m. James W. Randolph

b. 24 Jan. 1888

d. 10 June 1971

m. Henry Lockwood Bailey

i. Maurice Bailey

m. Hazel Lane

b. 22 Aug. 1889

m. 19 Jan. 1910,

Leslie L. Simpson

b. 19 May 1899

d. 5 May 1950

m. Thomas Harrell

b. 18 Dec. 1895

d. 13 April 1961

m. Howard Simpson

iii. Marie Brothers

b. 22 Aug. 1889

m. 19 Jan. 1910,

Leslie L. Simpson

b. 19 May 1899

d. 5 May 1950

m. Thomas Harrell

b. 18 Dec. 1895

d. 13 April 1961

m. Howard Simpson

iv. Kathlyn "Kae" Brothers

b. 19 May 1899

d. 5 May 1950

m. Thomas Harrell

b. 18 Dec. 1895

d. 13 April 1961

m. Howard Simpson

v. Maude Brothers

b. 18 Dec. 1895

d. 13 April 1961

m. Howard Simpson

CORDELLA

b. 9 Feb. 1829

d. 12 March 1890

m. (1) Elias Carver

1. Magnora "Maggie" Carver

b. 1858, d. 2 July 1975

m. Frank Lynch

2. Celia "Seely" Carver

b. 1860

m. Wm. McDowell

i. Ruth McDowell

m. Enoch Julian Spence

1. Nora Lou Spence

m. Robert Price

2. Julian Carver Spence

m. Miriam Baker Hoggie

3. Grizelle Carver

b. 1861

4. Joseph Frank Carver

b. 1862

m. (2) Pritchard Britte/Bright

m. (3) Ephraim Overman

AMANDA

b. 16 June 1834

m. William McCoy

1. Annie Dixie McCoy

m. John Pastorfield

i. Bruce Pastorfield

d. D.S.P.

ii. Dixie Pastorfield

iii. Adolphus "Doll" Pastorfield

iv. Maud Pastorfield

v. Ernest Pastorfield

d. 1978 in Richmond, VA

2. Ernest McCoy

3. Katherine "Kaite" McCoy

m. Wm. Stafford

(Kaite and baby d. in childbirth)

4. Irene McCoy

d. young

EMMALINE

b. 16 Oct. 1835

d. 18 Dec. 1905

m. 13 Sept. 1858,

Newton Jones

1. Susan B. Jones

b. 20 Jan. 1860

d. 31 Jan. 1909

m. James Granger

i. Linda Granger

ni. — Capps

(no issue)

2. Wm. "Willie" Jones

b. 25 Dec. 1861

d. 11 Aug. 1897

m. Bethy Sharber

3. Liola Jones

b. 7 Aug. 1863

d. 28 Nov. 1863

4. Joseph Frank Jones

b. 23 Aug. 1864

d. 25 March 1948

5. Love Virginia "Jenny" Jones

b. 1866

m. (1) Geo. Bright

m. (2) Joseph Wilson Davis

(son of Chas. and Martha Jane S

Davis - brother of Sophia Davis Wood)

i. Edna Davis

m. — Pierce (See Chart X)

ii. Mildred

others

6. Judy Ann Jones

b. 1869

m. Wm. Stafford after Kaite McCoy died

i. Bertha Stafford

m. Hershey Forehand

i. Hershey Forehand, Jr.

m. Margaret Snulson

(dau. of Pearl Folkes Snulson)

7. Margaret Eliz. Jones

b. 18 Nov. 1874

d. 7 March 1950

m. (1) Dr. Wilson Spence Temple

i. Thelda Temple

ii. Wilson Temple

8. Lina Edna Jones

b. 26 June 1877

d. 19 Feb. 1957

SUSAN

b. 11 Nov. 1832

d. 31 May 1919

m. 7 June 1866,

Thomas S. Jones

1. Thomas D. Jones

2. Jesse Jones

XIII. MILES DAVIS

m. (2) Martha Harris

(dau. of Josiah Harris and Penelope Jackson)

ELIZABETH "BETT" DAVIS

b. 7 Dec. 1841
d. 17 Jan. 1915
m. 8 Aug. 1867,
William Elliott Wood
(*See Chart V*)

HARRIET ANN

b. 2 Jan. 1843
d. ca. 1895

SARAH FRANCES

b. 2 Oct. 1844
d. 16 Jan. 1931
m. Newton Spence
1. Possibly Allen Coverson
Spence (his father was Newton
Spence)
2. Sarah Gertrude Spence
b. 4 March 1872
d. 7 May 1937
m. Darius David Raper

i. Lessie Gertrude Raper
b. April 1885
d. 26 Oct. 1985
m. Harry Guy Switzer
ii. Eliz. Corfield Raper
b. Oct. 1901
d. 26 Sept. 1986
m. 15 Jan. 1924
Melvin Leopold Wise

1. Edward Winston Wise
b. 17 Jan. 1924
m. Lizzie Louise Lee

2. Owendolyn Erlene Wise
b. 22 June 1925, Norfolk, VA
m. Dewey Fisher, Jr.
i. Brenda Elsa Fisher
m. Richard D. Drake
ii. Linda Marie Fisher
m. (1) Richard P. Zacharka
m. (2) Joseph Fantacci
(divorced)

3. Wenkell Raper Wise
b. 15 March 1927
m. Dorothy E. Forchard
i. Wendell Radcliff Wise
m. Beulah Thomas
ii. Penny Wise
m. Lawrence J. Kersey

iii. Darius David Raper
b. 1888
m. (1) Ruth Thomas
m. (2) Mary Henry

MARY LOUISE "PUSS"

b. 17 Dec. 1846
d. 1920/21
m. Sam Davis "Singing Sam"
1. Isadore Davis
b. 1882
d. 1957
m. (1) Luther Coleman
m. (2) Alexander Brooks
m. (3) Tommy Wall
i. Heruone
m. Joseph Cople
2. Adelaide Davis
b. 1884
m. Reddeen Lewis Roberts
3. Samuel Leonard Davis, Jr.
"Blind Sam"
m. Pauline Allen
4. Hillary Davis
b. ca. 1888

OTELIA

b. 13 Sept. 1849
d. 22 June 1895
m. Alson Seeley
(descendant of Jeremiah
and Rebecca Davis Seeley)

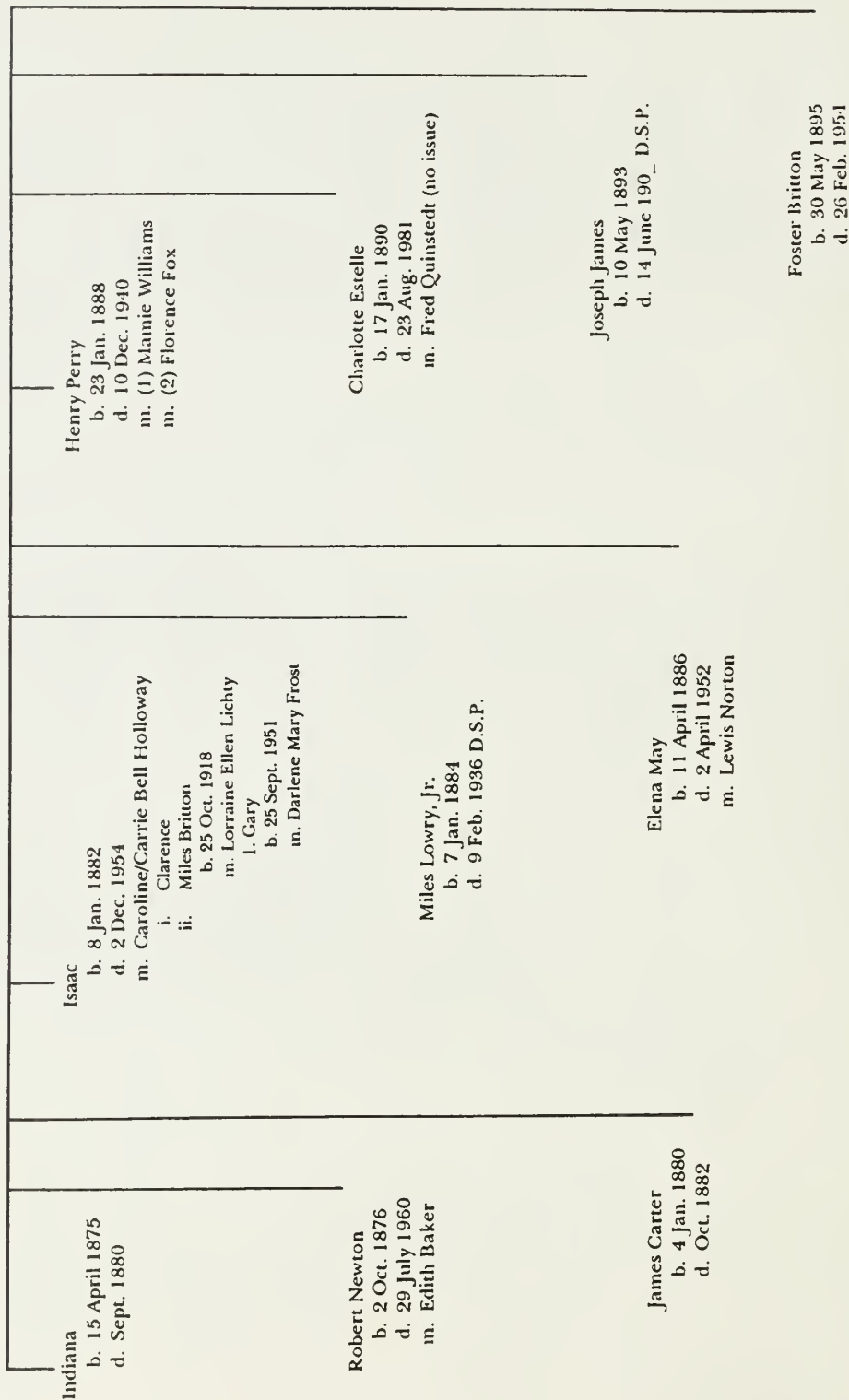
MILES LOWRY DAVIS

b. 22 Nov. 1851
d. 5 Jan. 1949
m. 22 Jan. 1871,
Charlotte Andrews
(dau. of Britton Andrews)
(*See Chart XIIc*)

MARTHA ERMINE "MINNIE" DAVIS

b. 22 Jan. 1858
d. 26 May 1915
m. W. Frank Pritchard
1. Margaret "Maggie" Pritchard
b. ca. 1881
m. John Humphries
2. Martha "Minnie" Pritchard
b. ca. 1883
m. H. C. Ferrell
3. Ben Frank Pritchard
b. 1885
m. (1) _____ Stanley
m. (2) Sarepta Brice/Bright
i. Maud Pritchard
m. _____ Pritchard
ii. Nettie Pritchard
m. _____ Egan
iii. Edith Pritchard
m. _____ Evans
iv. Helen Pritchard
m. Robert Shawboro
4. Willie Pritchard
b. 1890
m. Maggie Russell
5. Joe Pritchard
b. 1891
d. ca. 1910, D.S.P.
6. Estelle Pritchard
b. 1897
d. 1970s
m. John Cherry
i. Ed Cherry
(granddaughter)
ii. _____ Cherry
(2 boys, 2 girls)
7. Charlie Pritchard
b. 1899,
m. _____

XIIc. MILES LOWRY DAVIS
(son of Miles Davis and Martha Harris)
m. Charlotte Andrews



XIII. BATHSHEBA DAVIS

m. (1) Reuben Smithson (oldest son of
John and Dolly Sawyer Smithson
(*See Chart X*)
1. William Smithson, m. Susan Davis
(daughter of Reuben Smithson Davis
and 1st wife, _____ Wilson)
i. Davis Smithson

m. (2) Reuben Smithson Davis (son of
Sanford and Miriam Smithson Davis)
(Reuben Smithson Davis had first been
married to _____ Wilson)
1. Mary Davis, m. George Davis
i. Bathsheba Davis, called "Bash"
ii. Frances Davis, called "Fran"
iii. Sophronia Davis, called "Froan"

XIV. THOMAS DAVIS

b. ca. 1740

m. Dorothy "Dolly" Wharton (Pasquotank County, N.C.)

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JOSHUA

m. (1) Mary (Poll Pratt)
Davis (his Uncle Samuel's widow)

1. Robert

m. Halstead

2. Lowry

m. _____

i. John Stump

ii. Miles

iii. W. O.

others

m. (2) ELIZABETH "BETSY" DAVIS
(his brother Thomas' widow)

1. CHARLES DAVIS

m. Martha Jane Saunders/Sanders

i. Mary Ann Elizabeth

ii. Rebecca

iii. Joseph Wilson

iv. SOPHIA, m. Lulon Paul Wood

v. Joshua Southgate

(See Charts V & VI)

WILLIS DAVIS m. _____

THOMAS

m. Eliz. "Betsy" Davis
(dau. _____)

1. WILSON DAVIS

m. Eliz. Halstead

(dau. _____)

Many children

including:

i. Tom, m. Sophia Morgan

ii. Charlie Edd, m. Bertie Murden

iii. Sarah, m. Quinton Clarence Davis

WILLIAM

m. Phoebe Smithson

1. Mack Davis

(See Chart XI)

SAMUEL

m. Mary (Poll Pratt) Davis

SUSAN

m. (1) _____ Twine

m. (2) Asa Lowe

(See Chart XI)

JOHN

m. Keturah Smithson

1. JOHN SMITHSON

m. Emily Sawyer

i. QUINTON CLARENCE

m. Sarah Davis

(dau. _____)

(See Chart XIVa)

MABEL

m. Wm. Halstead

1. Eliz. Halstead

m. WILSON DAVIS

Many children

including:

i. Tom m. Sophia Morgan

ii. Charlie Edd, m. Bertie Murden

iii. Sarah, m. Quinton C. Davis

(See Chart XIVa)

ISAAC

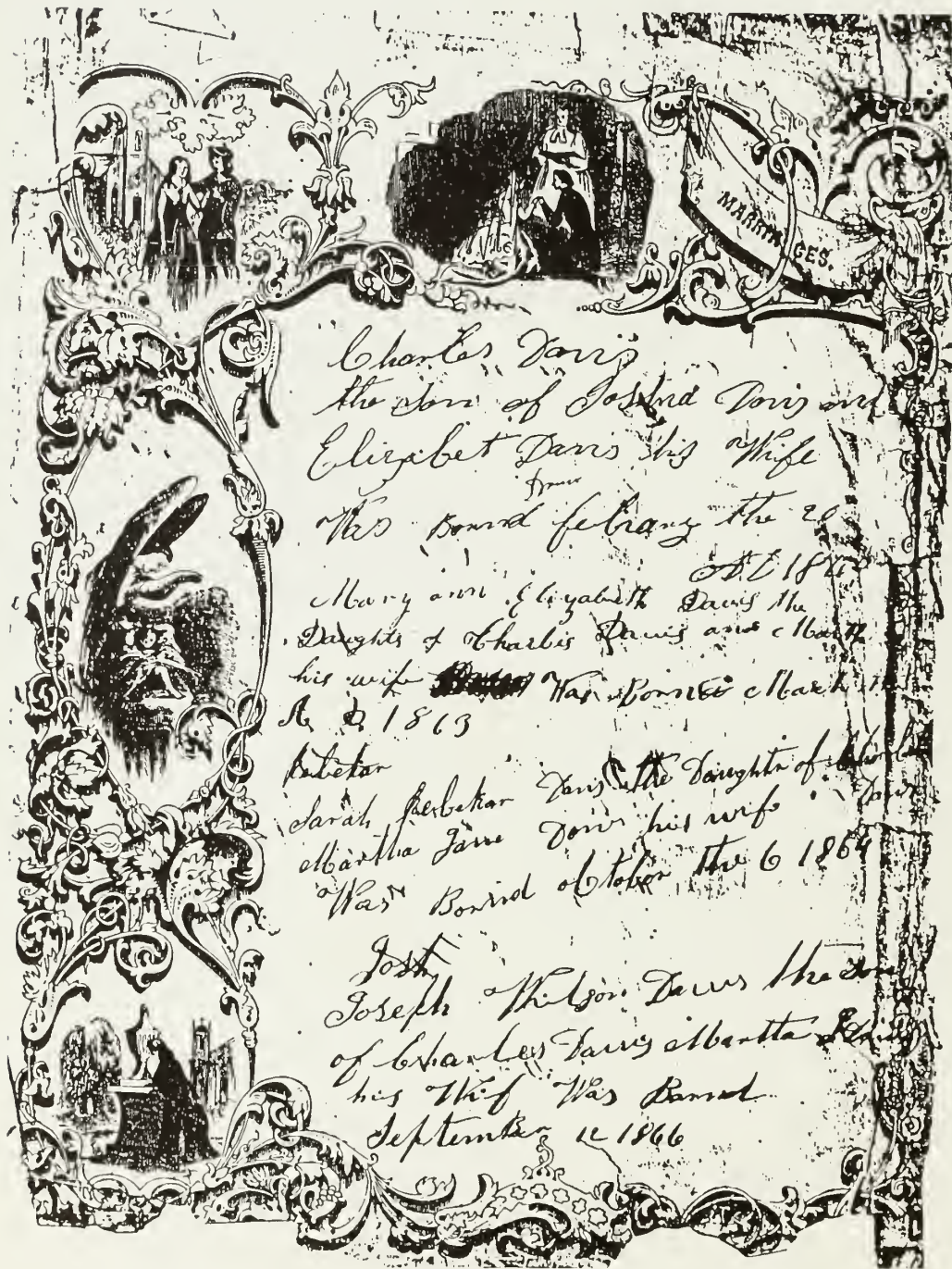
m. Sidney Winberry

"Granny Frew"

XIVa. *QUINTON CLARENCE DAVIS*

1. Floyd Paul Davis (Baptist Minister)
 - b. 2 Jan. 1883 (in Pasquotank Co., NC), d. 29 March 1944
 - m. Virginia May Purdue
2. Quinton C. Davis, Jr., "Q.C."
 - b. 9 Sept. 1884 (in Pasquotank Co., NC)
 - d. 31 Aug. 1954 (in Norfolk Co., VA), m. Lola Gertrude Diggs (attorney)
(3 known children; possibly more)
 - i. Q.C. Davis III
 - ii. Rose Marie Davis
 - iii. Einma Davis, m. _____ McDermott, moved to SC
3. William Hersey Davis
 - b. 20 Jan. 1887 (in Norfolk Co., VA), d. 10 Sept. 1950
 - m. Mabel Lee Sewell
4. Jefferson Vernon Davis
 - b. 24 Jan. 1889 (in Norfolk Co., VA), d. 8 Aug. 1953
 - m. Marie _____
5. Infant Boy
 - b. 1891 (in Elm City, NC), d. 1891
6. Rose May (or Marie) Davis
 - b. 17 Nov. 1893 (in Cumberland, MD), D.S.P.
7. Winnie Davis
 - b. 1895 (in Cumberland, MD), died in infancy
8. Emma Elizabeth Davis
 - b. 11 June 1897 (in Cumberland, MD)
 - m. Dr. R.H. Holden
9. Violetta Marie Davis
 - b. 1902 (in Camden, NJ), d. 4 July 1933
 - m. M.V. Koontz
10. Infant Boy
 - b. 1904 (in Norfolk Co., VA), d. 1904

PAGE AND PICTURES FROM A DAVIS BIBLE



Charles Davis

the Son of Joshua Davis and

Elizabeth Davis his Wife

Was Borne february the 20 AD 1840

Mary ann Elizabeth Davis the

Daughtr of Charlis Davis and Martha

his wife Was Borne March ??

A.D. 1863

Sarah Rebeckar Davis the Daughtr of Charles Davis

and Martha Jane Davis his wife

Was Borne October the 6 1864

Joseph Wilson Davis the son

of Charles Davis & Martha Davis

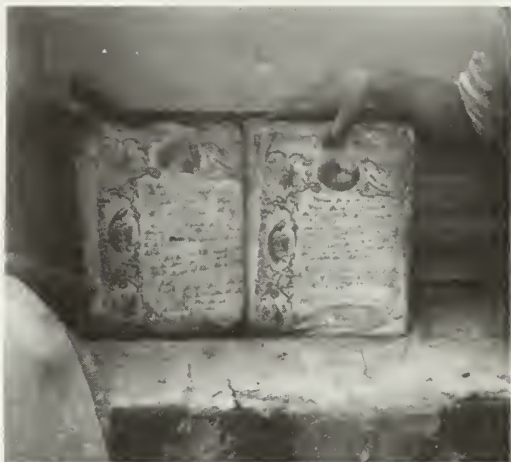
his Wife Was Borne

September 12 1866

A page of the Bible is missing – three of the five children of Charles and Martha Jane (Saunders/Sanders) Davis are listed. The other two:

Sophia Davis, b. 30 Aug. 1870, d. 6 June 1950,
married Lulon Paul Wood 3 September 1889.

Joshua Southgate Davis, b. 1874, d. 17 Feb. 1949,
married Ella Harris 15 August 1899 – no issue.



old Wilson Davis Bible



*Mary Sophia West
circa 1944*



L to R: Peggy Wood, Estelle Jones holding Hugh West — 1st cousins and grandchildren of Lulon Paul and Sophia D. Wood.



*Joseph Elliott Jones
circa 1936*

